FANTASTIC 1950s EC COMICS!

SPECIAL ISSUE: "PANIC"

MADE TO LOOK LIKE POPULAR BREAKFAST FOOD BOX. AFTER YOU'RE THROUGH READING IT, YOU CAN EAT IT!

WHEEDIES

"Breakfast of Chimpanzees"

FREE
IN THIS PACKAGE
ONE
CADILLAC
ASH TRAY

Get the rest of the car in other Wheedies Packages

HEY, KIDS! GET YOUR MOM TO BUY WHEEDIES. COLLECT YOUR CAR. AND DON'T WORRY! WITH THE PRIZE, THERE'S NO ROOM IN THE PACKAGE FOR CEREAL!

AN ENTERTAINING EC COMICS

NO. 11 2.50
4.00 CANADA
SEPT

WHO'LL EAT FLAKES

MADE WITH WHEAT GERMS, MILLIONS OF 'EM; THREE B VITAMINS; THREE G CLOTHES; AND IRON, CHUNKS OF IT

COMIC STRIP DEPT. (PANELLED SOAP OPERA DIVISION): THE SECRET OF THE POPULARITY OF THIS STRIP, FOUND THESE DAYS IN YOUR DAILY AND SUNDAY COLOR COMIC SECTION, LIES IN THE FACT THAT PEOPLE HAVE ALWAYS LOVED EAVES-DROPPING ON OTHER PEOPLE'S TROUBLES. THE CENTRAL FIGURE IS A KINDLY OLD LADY, WHO, WHEN SHE'S NOT SPOUTING SHOPWORN CLICHES, DEVOTES ALL OF HER TIME AND ENERGIES TO LISTENING TO OTHER'S PROBLEMS, PROBING THEIR SUBCONSCIOUSES, AND GETTING THEM TO REVEAL THEIR MOST INTIMATE SECRETS. IN SHORT, SHE'S A *SNOOP*... BY NAME OF...

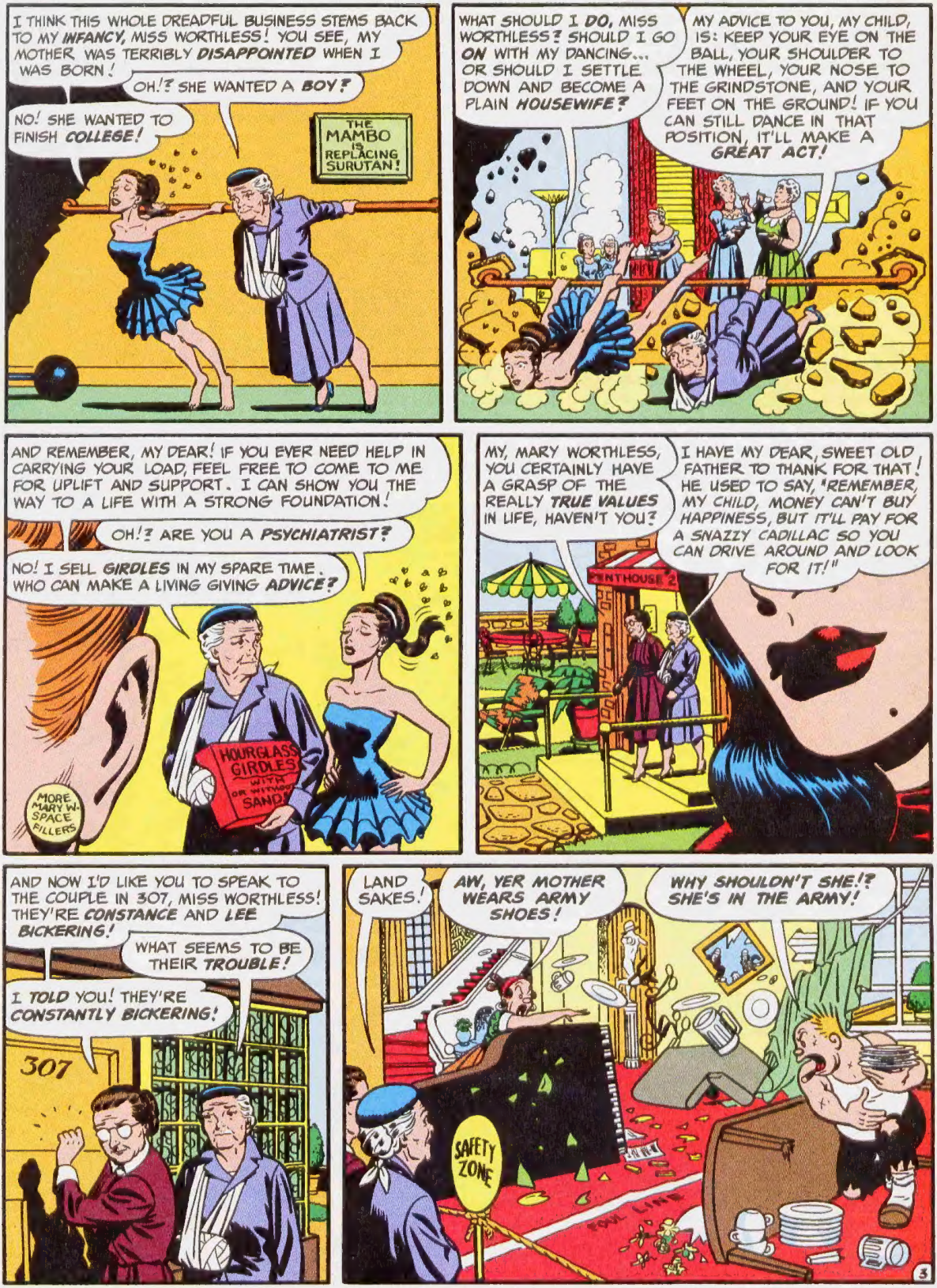
MARY WORTHLESS!

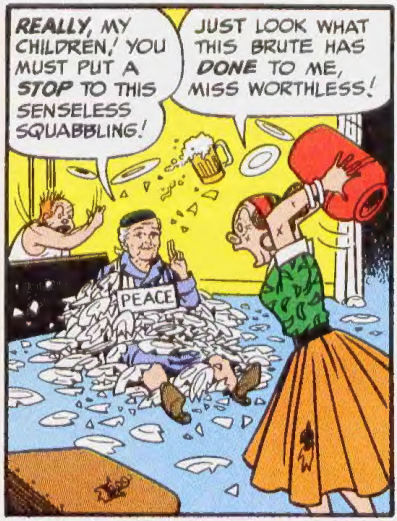
Ken ERNSPLENTY - THE ELDER.

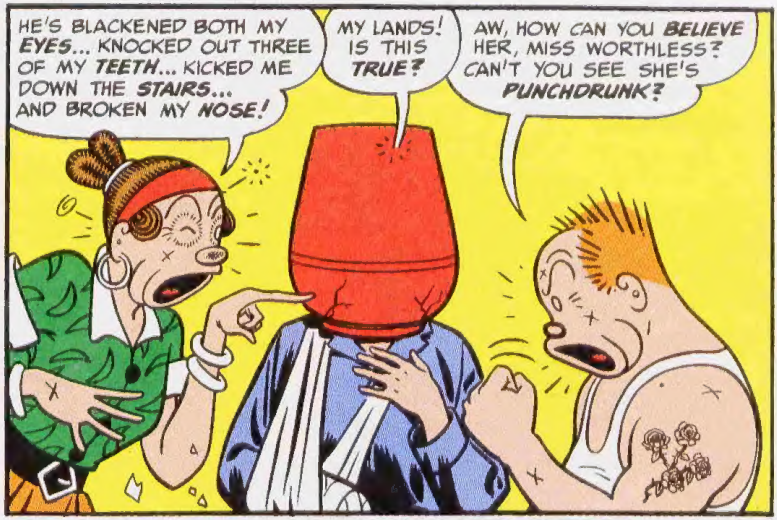
MY LANDS! I SEE WHERE I HAVE A GREAT DEAL OF WORK TO DO HERE... PATCHING AND MENDING THE TWISTED SOULS OF THESE POOR, UNHAPPY PEOPLE!
OH! ARE YOU A *PSYCHIATRIST!*
NO! I'M A PART-TIME *SHOEMAKER!*
YEE-OW!
SHOES FIXED! NO WAITING.

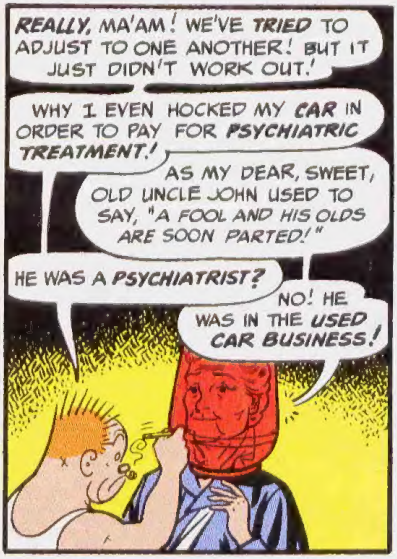
OH, I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU'VE COME TO LIVE WITH US, MARY WORTHLESS! THESE FOLKS ARE SORELY IN NEED OF SPIRITUAL GUIDANCE!
WELL, I'M ALSO GLAD I'VE COME HERE TO LIVE! MY ONLY INTEREST IN LIFE IS IN HELPING THOSE LESS FORTUNATE THAN MYSELF!
BESIDES WHICH, I COULD USE THE *MONEY!*
BESIDES WHICH, IT'S *CHEAP!*
A TYPICAL MARY WORTHLESS -DISTANT SHOT!

YES! AS MY DEAR OLD LOVEABLE TEACHER USED TO SAY, "IT ISN'T THE MONEY, IT'S THE PRINCIPLE OF THE THING!"
YOUR ELEMENTARY SCHOOL TEACHER?
YES! HE WAS THE PRINCIPAL OF THE THING!
I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE TOUR OF OUR ESTABLISHMENT, SO THAT YOU MAY START IMMEDIATELY TO PATCH UP THEIR BROKEN LIVES!
AS MY SWEET LOVEABLE MOTHER ALWAYS SAYS, "PROCRASTINATION IS THE THIEF OF TIME... AND SO IS EVERY OTHER BIG WORD!"
YOUR MOTHER SOUNDS LIKE A VERY CLEVER OLD WOMAN!
NOT SO CLEVER! SHE'S DOING TIME... AS A THIEF!
ANOTHER TYPICAL DISTANT SHOT.
SAND AND GRAVEL CO.
I WISH YOU'D DO SOMETHING ABOUT THE COUPLE HERE IN 108! THEY JUST STAY IN THE ROOM ALL DAY AND BROOD!
LANDS SAKES! THAT IS SERIOUS!
BROOD, BROOD, BROOD... THAT'S ALL THEY DO!
WON OH ATE
I'LL SAY! ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE PIGEONS!
SHOO! SCAT!
WELL, AS A DEAR OLD FRIEND OF MINE USED TO SAY, "BIRDS OF A FEATHER ARE FLICKED TOGETHER!"
THAT'S A GOOD ONE! I'LL HAVE TO TELL THAT TO MY BUTCHER!
Pooo!
A WELL FILLED PANEL SPACE!
NOW MISS LEOTARD HERE, IN 204, IS UNDERGOING GREAT EMOTIONAL STRESS. SHE WANTS TO BE A DANCER MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD!
ENCHANTEÉ!
ENTRECHAT!
MISS LEOTARD! THIS IS MARY WORTHLESS!
YES, IT'S TRUE, MISS WORTHLESS! ALL MY LIFE I'VE SEVERELY ACHED FOR THE BALLET!
WELL, YOUR PROBLEM IS A SIMPLE ONE, MY CHILD!
YOU'RE SUFFERING FROM A SEVERE BALLET-ACHE!
2


I THINK THIS WHOLE DREADFUL BUSINESS STEMS BACK TO MY INFANCY, MISS WORTHLESS! YOU SEE, MY MOTHER WAS TERRIBLY DISAPPOINTED WHEN I WAS BORN!
OH!? SHE WANTED A BOY?
NO! SHE WANTED TO FINISH COLLEGE!
THE MAMBO IS REPLACING SURUTAN!
WHAT SHOULD I DO, MISS WORTHLESS? SHOULD I GO ON WITH MY DANCING... OR SHOULD I SETTLE DOWN AND BECOME A PLAIN HOUSEWIFE?
MY ADVICE TO YOU, MY CHILD, IS: KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE BALL, YOUR SHOULDER TO THE WHEEL, YOUR NOSE TO THE GRINDSTONE, AND YOUR FEET ON THE GROUND! IF YOU CAN STILL DANCE IN THAT POSITION, IT'LL MAKE A GREAT ACT!
AND REMEMBER, MY DEAR! IF YOU EVER NEED HELP IN CARRYING YOUR LOAD, FEEL FREE TO COME TO ME FOR UPLIFT AND SUPPORT. I CAN SHOW YOU THE WAY TO A LIFE WITH A STRONG FOUNDATION!
OH!? ARE YOU A PSYCHIATRIST?
NO! I SELL GIRDLES IN MY SPARE TIME. WHO CAN MAKE A LIVING GIVING ADVICE?
HOURGLASS GIRDLES WITH OR WITHOUT SAND!
MORE MARY W. SPACE FILLERS
MY, MARY WORTHLESS, YOU CERTAINLY HAVE A GRASP OF THE REALLY TRUE VALUES IN LIFE, HAVEN'T YOU?
I HAVE MY DEAR, SWEET OLD FATHER TO THANK FOR THAT! HE USED TO SAY, "REMEMBER, MY CHILD, MONEY CAN'T BUY HAPPINESS, BUT IT'LL PAY FOR A SNAZZY CADILLAC SO YOU CAN DRIVE AROUND AND LOOK FOR IT!"
PENTHOUSE 2
AND NOW I'D LIKE YOU TO SPEAK TO THE COUPLE IN 307, MISS WORTHLESS! THEY'RE CONSTANCE AND LEE BICKERING!
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THEIR TROUBLE!
I TOLD YOU! THEY'RE CONSTANTLY BICKERING!
307
LAND SAKES!
AW, YER MOTHER WEARS ARMY SHOES!
WHY SHOULDN'T SHE!? SHE'S IN THE ARMY!
SAFETY ZONE
FOUL LINE
3

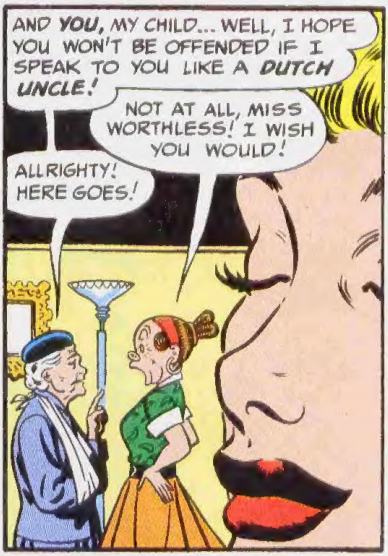

REALLY, MY CHILDREN, YOU MUST PUT A STOP TO THIS SENSELESS SQUABBLING!
JUST LOOK WHAT THIS BRUTE HAS DONE TO ME, MISS WORTHLESS!
PEACE


HE'S BLACKENED BOTH MY EYES... KNOCKED OUT THREE OF MY TEETH... KICKED ME DOWN THE STAIRS... AND BROKEN MY NOSE!
MY LANDS! IS THIS TRUE?
AW, HOW CAN YOU BELIEVE HER, MISS WORTHLESS? CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S PUNCHDRUNK?


REALLY, MA'AM! WE'VE TRIED TO ADJUST TO ONE ANOTHER! BUT IT JUST DIDN'T WORK OUT.
WHY I EVEN HOCKED MY CAR IN ORDER TO PAY FOR PSYCHIATRIC TREATMENT.
AS MY DEAR, SWEET, OLD UNCLE JOHN USED TO SAY, "A FOOL AND HIS OLDS ARE SOON PARTED!"
HE WAS A PSYCHIATRIST?
NO! HE WAS IN THE USED CAR BUSINESS!

YOUNG MAN! I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU THE SAME SAFE ADVICE I GIVE ALL YOUNG JUST-MARRIED MEN... WHICH IS "A MAN'S HOME IS HIS HASSLE!"*
ANOTHER DISTANT SHOT!

*ED NOTE: WE ORIGINALLY PLANNED TO USE THE OLD AXIOM, "MARRIAGE IS LIKE A LOTTERY, ETC.," BUT THE LOTTERY PEOPLE THREATENED TO SUE!


AND YOU, MY CHILD... WELL, I HOPE YOU WON'T BE OFFENDED IF I SPEAK TO YOU LIKE A DUTCH UNCLE!
NOT AT ALL, MISS WORTHLESS! I WISH YOU WOULD!
ALLRIGHTY! HERE GOES!

VEE GEHAUST MID DEM GESHTORBEN VEEBLEFETZER, AUS DOM GEKOUFT EINE FARSHIMMILT FURSHLUGGINER FUN DER FAKIMMILT TOG MIT DER BELT IN DER BACK!*
POTRZEBIE?

*ENGLISH TRANSLATION: THIS YEAR'S FASHIONS FOR MEN WILL INCLUDE NARROWER SHOULDERS, SHORTER SLEEVES, SMALLER LAPELS AND THINNER WALLETS IF YOU FALL FOR THEM!

OH, HOW SWEET! A FEW MOMENTS AGO THEY WERE AT EACH OTHER'S THROATS! AND NOW, AFTER JUST A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE FROM YOU, THEY'RE PRACTICALLY SMOTHERING ONE ANOTHER...
WITH KISSES?
NO! WITH PILLOWS!

LANDS SAKES! WHAT IS THAT HORRIBLE SOUND COMING FROM THAT ROOM THERE?
OH THAT'S MR. HIPSTER! HE PRACTICES CELLO LIKE THAT CONTINUOUSLY!
THE SAME NOTE?
YES! I'M AFRAID, LIKE ALL GREAT MUSICIANS, HE'S SLIGHTLY ECCENTRIC!
Z-ZOOM
ZOOM
ZOOM
MR. HIPSTER! WOULD YOU EXPLAIN TO WORTHLESS MARY WHY YOU INSIST UPON PLAYING THE SAME NOTE OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN, NIGHT AND DAY!
YES, MR. HIPSTER! OTHER CELLISTS I'VE SEEN KEEP MOVING THEIR FINGERS ALL UP AND DOWN THE STRINGS!
MAN, THAT'S THE WHOLE GIMMICK!
THEY'RE LOOKIN' FOR THE NOTE!
I'VE FOUND IT!
CONCERTO FOR HARMONICA HARPSICORD AND KAZOO.
ZOOM
ZOOM
THIS BOY HAS GOT TO GO!
HEY, YOU KIDS! GET OFFA THAT ROOF!
REAL ESTATE FOR SALE
PHONEY ESTATE FOR SALE
I KNOW IT'S ASKING A GREAT DEAL, MISS WORTHLESS, BUT WOULD YOU TAKE THE TIME TO STRAIGHTEN OUT THIS POOR, POOR BOY?
WE HAVE A SAYING IN OUR FAMILY... "SOME PEOPLE ARE BORN POOR, BUT THOSE THAT SEND THEIR KIDS TO COLLEGE GET THERE BY DEGREES!"
JOE MILLER QUOTATIONS
IN OTHER WORDS, YOUNG MAN, YOU ARE SUFFERING FROM A DEEP-SEATED TRAUMATIC NEUROSIS, CONSISTING OF A VIOLENT CONFLICT BETWEEN YOUR LIBIDO AND YOUR ID, WHICH STEMS FROM A BASICALLY INSECURE EGO!
CRAZY, MAN!
THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT!
MOOS
MOOS
MY CHILD... AND I CALL YOU "MY CHILD" BECAUSE YOU COULD VERY WELL BE MY CHILD... I WANT YOU TO KNOW THAT IF EVER YOU FEEL A BLOCKING... A CHOKING UP... A SWELLING INSIDE YOU, AND YOU WANT TO GET IT OFF YOUR CHEST, FEEL FREE TO COME TO ME!
WHY!? YOU A PSYCHIATRIST?
NO! I DO CUPPING ON THE SIDE!
THAT'S FUNNY! MUST PEOPLE DO IT ON THE BACK!
-STILL ANOTHER DISTANT SHOT..
I'M SURE YOU'VE HELPED HIM, MISS WORTHLESS... BUT THIS MAN Z14 IS A REAL PROBLEM! HE DRINKS ... SOMETHING AWFUL!
HOW DO YOU KNOW?
I KNOW... BECAUSE ONE DAY I SNEAKED IN AND TASTED IT! UUGHH!
214% PROOF!
2 DOWN
7UP
5

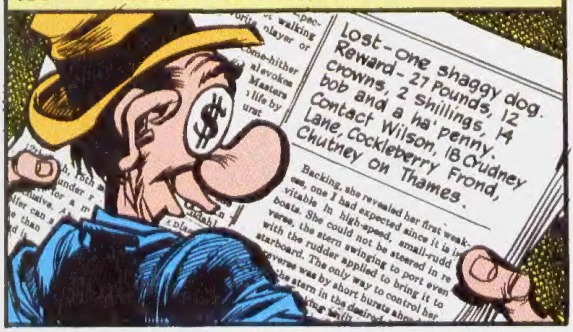
HE'S NOTHING BUT A DRUNKEN BUM, MISS...
NOW, NOW, MY DEAR! WE MUST NOT JUMP TO HASTY CONCLUSIONS!
REMEMBER! NEVER JUDGE A BOOK BY ITS COVER...
ESPECIALLY A 25¢ POCKET BOOK!
MR. LUSHALL! I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MARY WORTHLESS. I'VE TOLD HER ALL ABOUT YOUR CASE AND SHE'S AGREED TO TRY TO HELP YOU WITH IT!
THE HECK WITH HER!
I'M NOT SHARIN' THIS CASE WITH NOBODY!
LET 'ER GET 'ER OWN QUART!
INSTANT SCHWEPPES YOGURT 20% 20%
A REAL WOMAN'S DRINK!
YOU POOR, POOR SOUL! HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT ABOUT JOINING A.A.? ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS?
...BEEN A MEMBER FER YEARS!
WHEN DID YOU ATTEND YOUR LAST MEETING?
...NEVER GO T'MEETING! I JUS' SEND IN MY EMPTY BOTTLES!
HOWSABOUT JOININ' ME IN A QUICK SHOT, MIZ WORTHLESS!
OH, I NEVER DRINK ANYTHING STRONGER THAN POP!
OF COURSE, THERE'S HARDLY ANYTHING POP WON'T DRINK!
'AT'S THE SPIRIT, DOLL! LIKE I ALWAYS SAY... "A SINGLE SWALLER DOES NOT A SINNER MAKE!"
I'LL DO THE QUOTATIONS, IF YOU DON'T MIND!
CHUG-A-LUG!
A MUCH FARTHER DISTANT SHOT...
YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE THIS, TO LOOK AT ME NOW, MISS WORTHLESS, BUT I WAS ONCE A SUCCESSFUL INDUSTRIAL TYCOON. I HAD A BEAUTIFUL HOME... A LOVING WIFE... A FAMILY... AND ALL THE MATERIAL POSSESSIONS A MAN COULD WANT! MY LIFE WAS A SUCCESS!
IN FACT, I WAS SO SUCCESSFUL, THAT ONE DAY I WAS ASKED TO POSE FOR ONE OF THOSE "MAN OF DISTINCTION" ADS. AND THAT WAS THE START OF MY TRIP DOWN THE ROAD TO DISGRACE AND RUIN!
IT WAS!? HOW COME?
WELL, I WAS STANDING AROUND UNDER THOSE HOT LIGHTS WITH THIS DRINK IN MY HAND, WAITING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER TO FOCUS AND STUFF. I TOOK JUST ONE LITTLE SIP OUT OF CURIOSITY. THEN I TOOK ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER... ANOTHER... AND...
OKAY! I GET THE PICTURE!
JUST KEEP IN MIND, MR. LUSHALL, THAT MONEY ISN'T EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD! MONEY CANNOT PRODUCE GREAT ART... GREAT MUSIC... OR GREAT LITERATURE! MONEY CANNOT BUY LOVE...OR REBUILD THE FOUNDATIONS OF A BROKEN LIFE. MONEY CANNOT SHAPE A DREAM... OR CREATE REAL HAPPINESS!
IT CAN'T?!
I'M REFERRING, OF COURSE, TO CONFEDERATE MONEY!
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT!
GLOP GLUP
6

PROMISE ME, MR. LUSHALL, THAT WHEN YOU HAVE SOMETHING ON YOUR MIND THAT KEEPS ON GROWING AND GROWING, YOU'LL COME TO ME AND LET YOUR HAIR DOWN!
I KNOW! YOU'RE A PART-TIME BARBER!
NO! I'M A PART-TIME PSYCHIATRIST! THREE COUCHES... NO WAITING... AND DON'T TRY TO BE CLEVER WITH ME!
MY, IT MUST BE A WONDERFUL FEELING TO BE ABLE TO GO AROUND JUST HELPING PEOPLE IN NEED! HOW NICE IT MUST BE TO SHARE THEIR HOPES... THEIR DREAMS... THEIR SORROWS... THEIR ILLUSIONS... THEIR DISAPPOINTMENTS...
THEIR FOUR ROSES! ;HEEP;
A MUCH GREATER MARY WORTHLESS DISTANT SHOT!
WHY, WHAT IS IT, MARY WORTHLESS? YOU'RE ALWAYS WALKING AROUND WITH A BENIGN INSIPID SMILE ON YOUR BENIGN INSIPID FACE! SUDDENLY, NOW, THAT BENIGN INSIPID SMILE HAS BEEN REPLACED BY A BENIGN INSIPID FROWN! IS IT POSSIBLE THAT YOU... MARY WORTHLESS... ARE FROWNING?
IT'S POSSIBLE...
IN FACT, I AM FROWNING! I JUST REALIZED THAT BY SOLVING EVERYONE'S PROBLEMS HERE, I'VE PUT MYSELF OUT OF WORK! THIS BOARDING HOUSE BIT WAS GOOD FOR AT LEAST SIX ... MAYBE SEVEN MONTHS OF CONTINUITY! AND I WENT AND PATCHED UP THEIR LIVES ALL IN ONE DAY!
OLD KEN EARNSPLENTY WILL BE SO FURIOUS WHEN HE GETS BACK FROM BERMUDA!
BOY, DID I EVER GOOF!
CHEER UP, MISS WORTHLESS! WHEN I TELL THE OTHER BOARDERS OF YOUR PREDICAMENT, I'M SURE THEY'LL DO ALL THEY CAN TO HELP YOU... JUST AS YOU'VE HELPED SO MANY OTHERS!
MAYBE THIS'LL HELP YOU, MISS WORTHLESS. "ONE GOOD TURN GETS ALL OF THE BLANKET!"
"ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD... BUT MAKE DARN SURE BEFORE YOU THROW IT AWAY!"
"EVERY CLOUD HAS A SILVER LINING!"
"NEVER LOOK A MIFFED HORSE IN THE MOUTH!"
"TWO CAN LIVE AS CHEAPLY AS ONE!" PROVIDING ONE IS A HORSE AND THE OTHER IS A PIGEON LIKE ME!"
"NEW YORK IS A NICE PLACE, BUT I WOULDN'T WANT TO LIVE HERE!"
"FEED A COLT AND STARVE A FEVER. OR IS IT THE OTHER WAY AROUND?"
'DESIREE' ASYLUM FOR WOMEN.
7

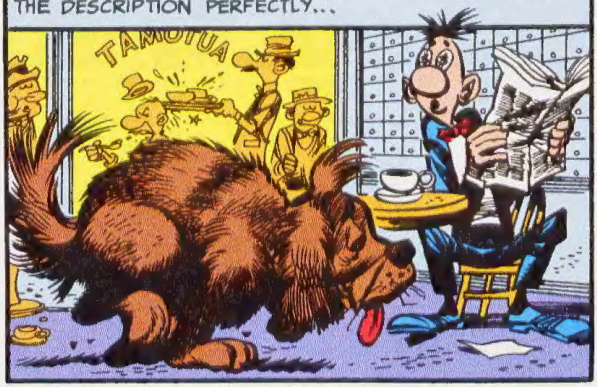
CLASSIFIED JOKES DEPT.: IN AN EFFORT TO FILL THE VOID LEFT UPON THE AMERICAN HUMOR SCENE BY THE SUDDEN DEMISE OF *LIBERACE* AND *BE-BOP GAGS*, PANIC MAGAZINE NOW OFFERS A RANDOM COLLECTION OF THE ODDITY KNOWN AS...

SHAGGY DOG STORIES!

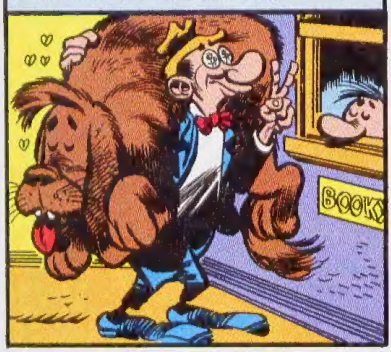
THE *ORIGINAL* SHAGGY DOG STORY WENT SOMETHING LIKE THIS: A MAN WAS BROWSING THROUGH A COPY OF THE "LONDON TIMES" WHICH HE'D FOUND IN THE AUTOMAT, WHEN HE CAME ACROSS AN INTERESTING ITEM IN THE LOST AND FOUND COLUMN...


Lost-One shaggy dog. Reward-27 pounds, 12 crowns, 2 shillings, 14 bob and a ha'penny. Contact Wilson, 18 Crudney Lane, Cockleberry Frond, Chutney on Thames.

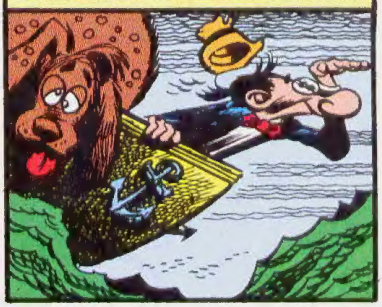
AT THAT PRECISE MOMENT, WHAT SHOULD STROLL INTO THE AUTOMAT BUT A LARGE SHAGGY DOG THAT FITTED THE DESCRIPTION PERFECTLY...



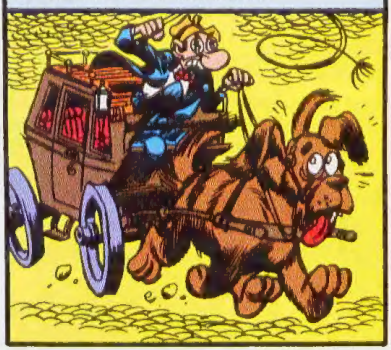
SO, SCOOPING UP THE ANIMAL, THE MAN RUSHED RIGHT OVER TO THE STEAMSHIP LINE AND BOOKED PASSAGE ON THE NEXT SHIP TO ENGLAND...



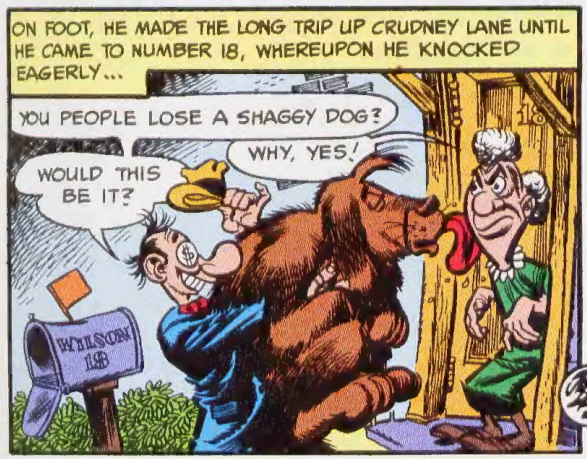
THE CROSSING WAS A ROUGH ONE AND THE SHIP ARRIVED THREE DAYS LATE. BUT OUR HERO WAS SO ELATED OVER HIS EVENTUAL REWARD THAT HE COULD HARDLY CONCENTRATE ON BEING SEASICK...

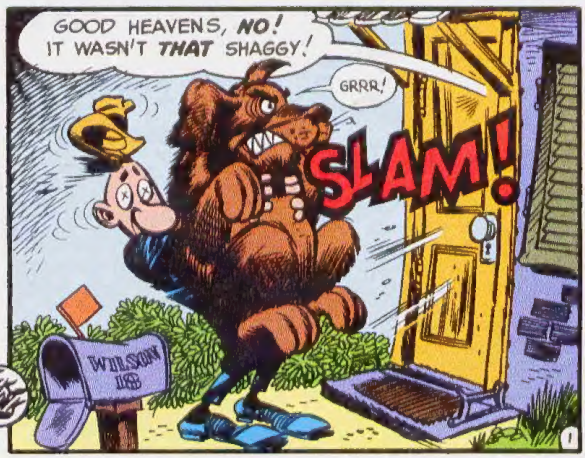


ONCE IN SOUTHHAMPTON, HE HIRED A LIMOUSINE TO DOVER, FROM THERE TO BRIGHTON BY TRAIN, AND FINALLY TO CHUTNEY BY STAGE...



ON FOOT, HE MADE THE LONG TRIP UP CRUDNEY LANE UNTIL HE CAME TO NUMBER 18, WHEREUPON HE KNOCKED EAGERLY...





SHAGGY DOG STORY #2:
AN ELDERLY LADY WAS SPENDING A PLEASANT SUNDAY AT THE ZOO ADMIRING THE KANGAROOS...
KITCHY-KITCHY-KOO...
KANGAROO
SUDDENLY, WITH A TREMENDOUS LEAP, THE CREATURE SHE'D TOUCHED BUMPED OVER THE BARS OF HIS CAGE AND TOOK OFF DOWN THE PATH AT BREAK-NECK SPEED...
GRACIOUS...
MAN SHE'S REAL GONE!
HEP
HEP
HEP
JUST THEN A MAN RUSHED UP TO THE OLD LADY, SHOUTING...
WHAT IN THE WORLD DID YOU DO TO THAT KANGAROO TO MAKE HIM RUN AWAY LIKE THAT?
WHY, NOTHING, REALLY! I JUST TICKLED HIM UNDER THE CHIN A LITTLE...
WELL, YOU'D BETTER TICKLE ME THE SAME WAY, LADY! I'VE GOT TO CATCH THE DERN THING!
KEEPER
SHAGGY DOG STORY #3:
THE OWNER OF A SMALL TAILOR SHOP WAS RELATING A HUNTING STORY TO ONE OF HIS CUSTOMERS...
ONCE I WAS HUNTING IN THE WILDS OF AFRICA, WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN AN ENORMOUS LION JUMPED OUT OF THE BUSHES AND STARTED COMING AFTER ME!
I SUDDENLY REALIZED THAT I DIDN'T HAVE ANY AMMUNITION LEFT!
YES! YES! GO ON!
HE CAME CLOSER AND CLOSER! I WAS SO FRIGHTENED I COULDN'T MOVE AN INCH!
WHAT HAPPENED THEN...?
WHAT ELSE?! HE JUMPED ON ME AND ATE ME UP!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN HE ATE YOU UP?! HOW COULD HE EAT YOU UP?!
STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE
YOU'RE STILL LIVING!
ROBERT TAYLOR
THINK!
YOU CALL THIS "LIVING"?
2

SHAGGY DOG STORY #4: A CONSTRUCTION WORKER NOTICED THAT, COME LUNCH TIME, HIS FOREMAN WOULD INVARIABLY OPEN HIS LUNCH-BOX AND SAY...

BAH! PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICHES AGAIN!

HOW I DETEST PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICHES!

WEEK AFTER WEEK, THIS STRANGE RITUAL WITH THE LUNCH-BOX CONTINUED...

AGAIN WITH THE FURSHLUGGINER PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICHES!

I CAN'T STAND PEANUT BUTTER...AND I CAN'T STAND JELLY! BUT ESPECIALLY I CAN'T STAND PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY SANDWICHES!

UNTIL, ONE DAY, THE ASSISTANT, WHO IS NORMALLY A PHLEGMATIC TYPE, COULD RESTRAIN HIMSELF NO LONGER AND ASKED...

...#@!:-m!?! PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY!

LISTEN, MIKE! AS LONG AS YOU FEEL THAT WAY ABOUT PEANUT BUTTER AND JELLY, WHY DON'T YOU HAVE YOUR WIFE MAKE YOU SOMETHING *DIFFERENT* ONCE IN A WHILE?

WHO'S MARRIED!?

I MAKE THESE THINGS *MYSELF!*

OH...

SHAGGY DOG STORY #5: A HORSE SHOWED UP AT THE GIANTS' SPRING TRAINING GROUNDS AND INSISTED ON BEING GIVEN A TRY-OUT! AT FIRST, LEO LAUGHED...

HAWR!

BUT WHEN HE SAW HOW SENSATIONAL THE HORSE WAS AT HITTING, PITCHING, AND FIELDING, HE SIGNED HIM UP ON THE SPOT...

AMAZING! FANTASTIC! CRAZY! YOU'RE *HIRED!*

CONTRACT

GIANTS

SWISH!

POP

HIS VERY FIRST TIME AT BAT IN THE OPENING GAME OF THE SEASON, THE HORSE CLOUTED A TERRIFIC LINE DRIVE TO DEEP RIGHT FIELD WHICH LOOKED GOOD FOR EXTRA BASES...

ATTA BOY! RUN! *RUN!* *RUN!*

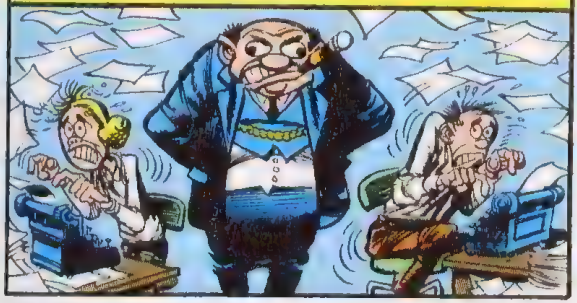
POW

WHADDYA MEAN, *RUN?!*

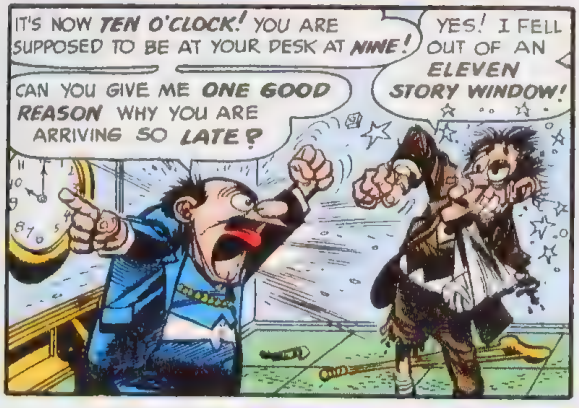
IF I COULD *RUN*, I'D BE AT *HIALEAH*... MAKING AN *HONEST* LIVING!

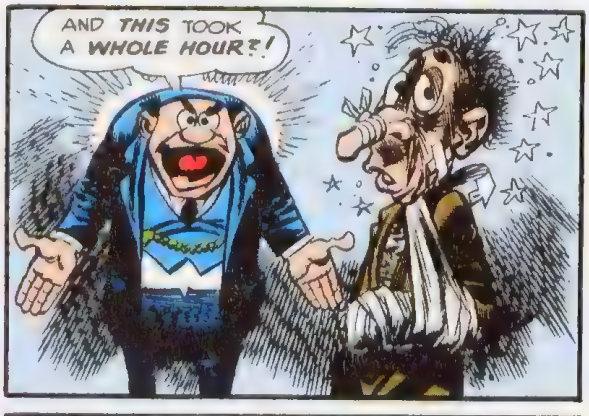
SHAGGY DOG STORY #6:
A HUGE LION HAD BEEN LORDING IT OVER THE REST OF THE JUNGLE CREATURES FOR MANY WEEKS NOW... AND TO EACH ANIMAL, HE WOULD PUT THE SAME QUESTION...
WHO IS THE ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST, MOST FEROCIOUS ANIMAL IN THIS ENTIRE JUNGLE?
YOU ARE, OH MIGHTY LION!
INVARIABLY, OF COURSE, HE'D RECEIVE THE SAME ANSWER. UNTIL, ONE DAY, HE CHANCED UPON A TINY FIELD MOUSE...
HEY, YOU! WHO IS THE ROUGHEST, TOUGHEST, MOST FEROCIOUS ANIMAL IN THIS ENTIRE JUNGLE?
THE LITTLE MOUSE, WHO WAS GETTING SICK AND TIRED OF THE SAME ROUTINE WEEK IN AND WEEK OUT, FINALLY COULD TAKE IT NO LONGER. IN A FIT OF RAGE, HE GRABBED THE LION BY THE TAIL, SWUNG HIM ROUND AND ROUND IN THE AIR, AND SLAMMED HIM AGAINST A TREE...
WELL... GEE, WHIZ! JUST BECAUSE YOU DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER IS NO REASON TO GET SORE!
SHAGGY DOG STORY #7:
A NEWSPAPER REPORTER WAS SENT OUT TO INTERVIEW TOM THUMB, THE WORLD FAMOUS MIDGET...
GET THAT STORY!
PRESS ROOM
75¢ A SUIT
RIGHT, CHIEF!
CITY'S DESK
THE REPORTER, ARRIVING AT THE ADDRESS GIVEN HIM, WAS SURPRISED TO FIND HIS KNOCK ANSWERED BY AN ELEVEN FOOT GIANT OF A MAN...
OH, I'M SORRY! I WAS LOOKING FOR TOM THUMB!
THAT'S ME!
THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE! THE TOM THUMB I'M LOOKING FOR IS A MIDGET!
THAT'S ME! COME IN!
BUT, IF YOU'RE TOM THUMB, THE MIDGET, HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN THE FACT THAT YOU'RE ELEVEN FEET TALL?
SIMPLE! YOU SEE...
THIS IS MY DAY OFF!
OH...
4

SHAGGY DOG STORY #8: SAM BOURNDURN WAS A SLAVE-DRIVER OF A BOSS. HE COULDN'T STAND TO SEE ANY OF HIS EMPLOYEES WASTING A SINGLE MINUTE OF COMPANY TIME ...

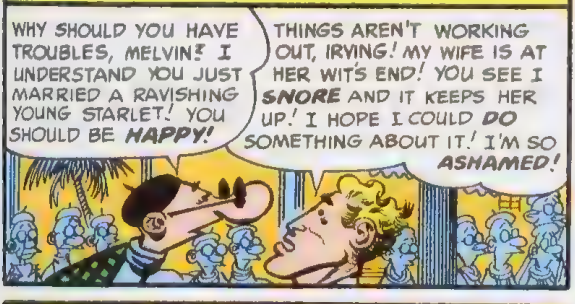


THAT'S WHY, WHEN HIS HEAD BOOKKEEPER SHOWED UP AN HOUR LATE FOR WORK, SAM WAS IN SUCH A RAGE HE HARDLY NOTICED THAT THE MAN WAS BADLY BATTERED AND BRUISED... THAT HIS CLOTHES WERE RIPPED AND HE WAS ALL BANDAGED UP...


IT'S NOW TEN O'CLOCK! YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO BE AT YOUR DESK AT NINE!
YES! I FELL OUT OF AN ELEVEN STORY WINDOW!
CAN YOU GIVE ME ONE GOOD REASON WHY YOU ARE ARRIVING SO LATE?



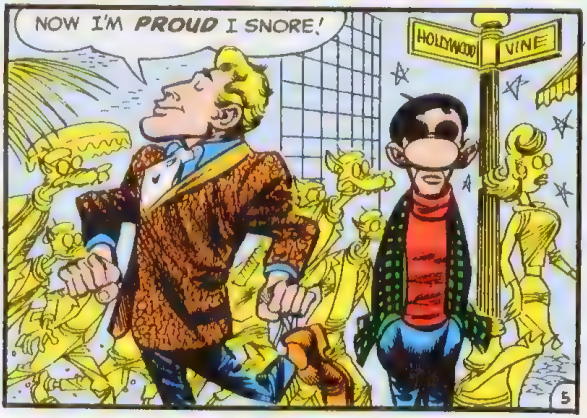
SHAGGY DOG STORY #9: AN ACTOR MET HIS AGENT ONE DAY ON THE CORNER OF HOLLYWOOD AND VINE. THE ACTOR SEEMED VISIBLY TROUBLED. THE AGENT QUERRIED HIM ON THIS...

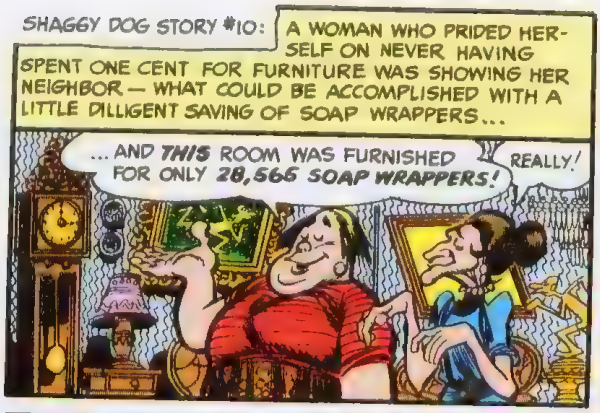

WHY SHOULD YOU HAVE TROUBLES, MELVIN? I UNDERSTAND YOU JUST MARRIED A RAVISHING YOUNG STARLET! YOU SHOULD BE HAPPY!
THINGS AREN'T WORKING OUT, IRVING! MY WIFE IS AT HER WIT'S END! YOU SEE I SNORE AND IT KEEPS HER UP! I HOPE I COULD DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT! I'M SO ASHAMED!

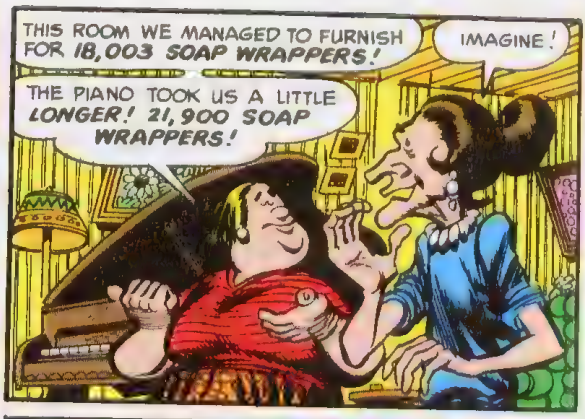
SO THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, EH? WELL, DON'T GIVE IT ANOTHER THOUGHT! HERE'S THE ADDRESS OF MY PSYCHIATRIST! GO SEE HIM! HE'LL SOLVE YOUR PROBLEM FOR YOU!
GEE! THANKS!

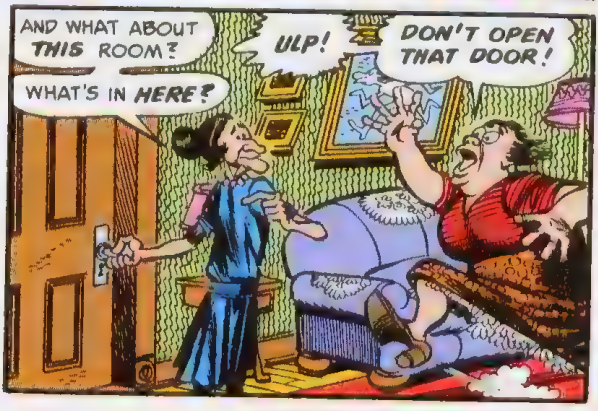
THREE MONTHS LATER THE ACTOR AGAIN MET HIS AGENT ON THE CORNER OF HOLLYWOOD AND VINE. THIS TIME, THE ACTOR SEEMED HAPPY AND CONTENT...

SO! EVERYTHING LOOKS LIKE IT WORKED OUT, MELVIN! YOU SEEM HAPPY! YOU WENT TO SEE MY PSYCHIATRIST, EH? DID HE STOP YOUR SNORING?
NO!

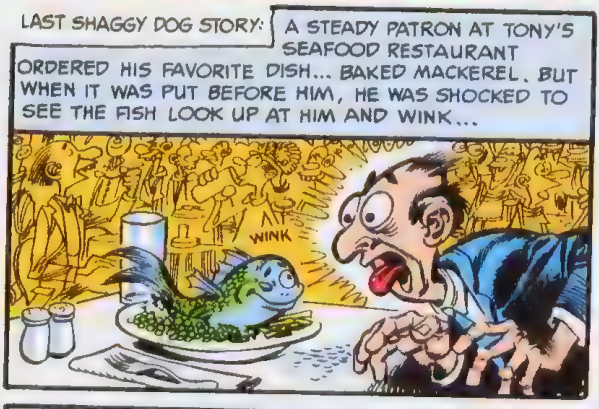


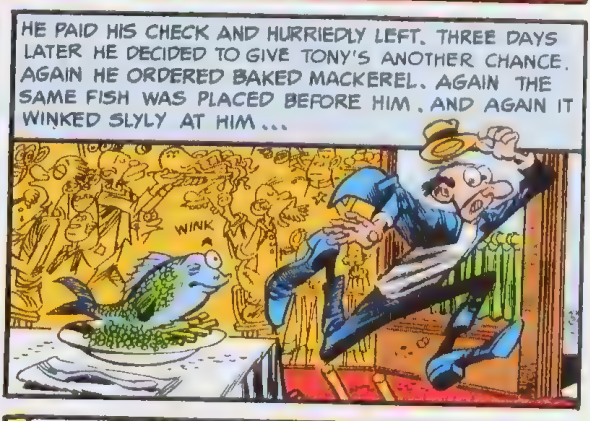

SHAGGY DOG STORY #10:
A WOMAN WHO PRIDED HERSELF ON NEVER HAVING SPENT ONE CENT FOR FURNITURE WAS SHOWING HER NEIGHBOR — WHAT COULD BE ACCOMPLISHED WITH A LITTLE DILLIGENT SAVING OF SOAP WRAPPERS...
... AND THIS ROOM WAS FURNISHED FOR ONLY 28,565 SOAP WRAPPERS!
REALLY!


THIS ROOM WE MANAGED TO FURNISH FOR 18,003 SOAP WRAPPERS!
IMAGINE!
THE PIANO TOOK US A LITTLE LONGER! 21,900 SOAP WRAPPERS!

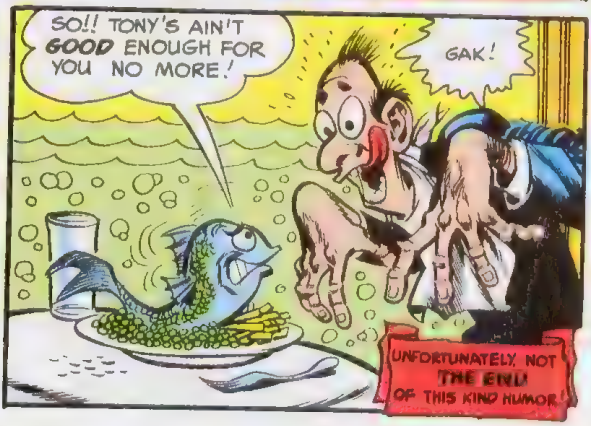

AND WHAT ABOUT THIS ROOM?
WHAT'S IN HERE?
ULP!
DON'T OPEN THAT DOOR!

THAT'S WHERE WE KEEP THE SOAP!


LAST SHAGGY DOG STORY:
A STEADY PATRON AT TONY'S SEAFOOD RESTAURANT ORDERED HIS FAVORITE DISH... BAKED MACKEREL. BUT WHEN IT WAS PUT BEFORE HIM, HE WAS SHOCKED TO SEE THE FISH LOOK UP AT HIM AND WINK...
WINK

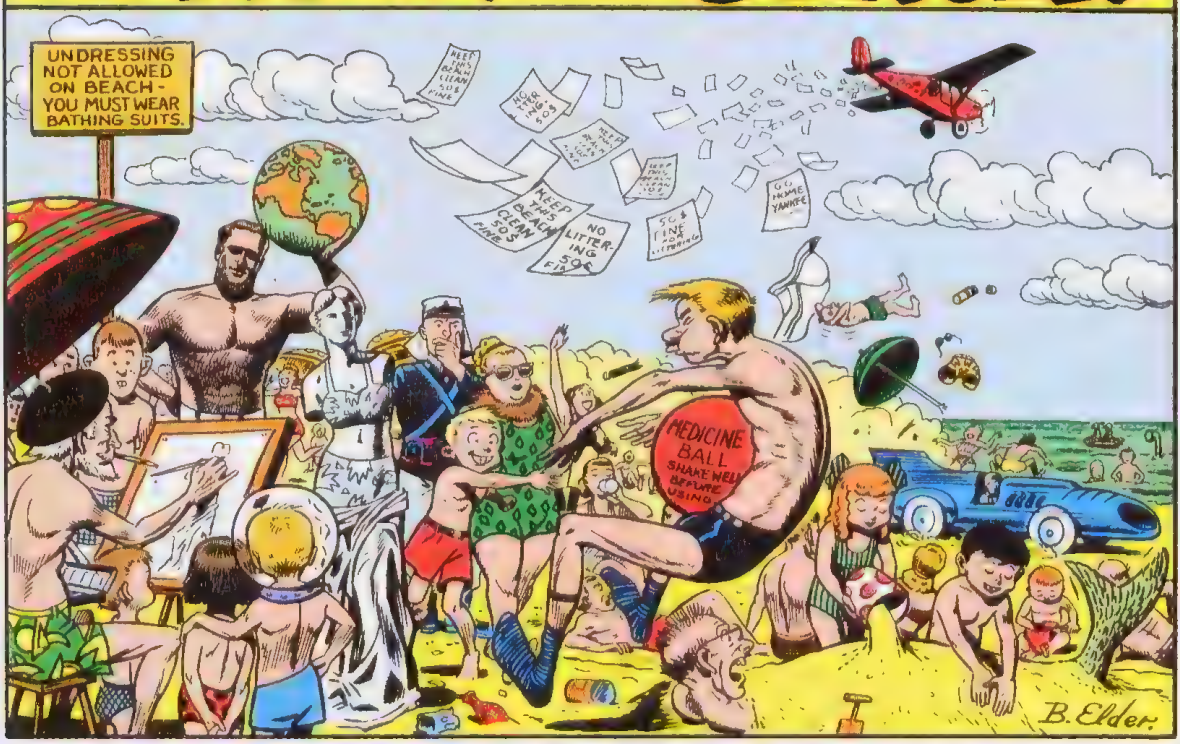

HE PAID HIS CHECK AND HURRIEDLY LEFT. THREE DAYS LATER HE DECIDED TO GIVE TONY'S ANOTHER CHANCE. AGAIN HE ORDERED BAKED MACKEREL. AGAIN THE SAME FISH WAS PLACED BEFORE HIM. AND AGAIN IT WINKED SLYLY AT HIM...
WINK

AGAIN HE LEFT, CONVINCED THAT TONY'S WAS A MENACE TO PUBLIC HEALTH. IT WAS A FULL SIX WEEKS BEFORE OUR HERO REGAINED HIS TASTE FOR SEA FOOD. BUT THIS TIME, HE WENT TO THE MOST EXCLUSIVE RESTAURANT IN TOWN...
BAKED MACKEREL!

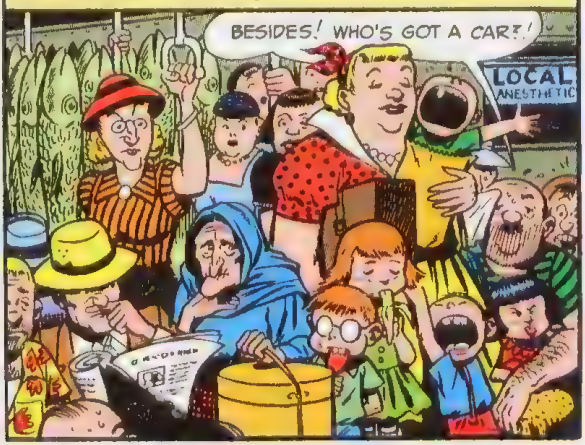

SO!! TONY'S AIN'T GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU NO MORE!
GAK!
UNFORTUNATELY NOT THE END OF THIS KIND HUMOR!

PANIC TAKES A LOOK AT THE AMERICAN SCENE DEPT.: WHEN THE BLISTERING SUMMER SUN BRINGS TEMPERATURES BEYOND THE 100 MARK, AND IT'S HOT ENOUGH TO FRY EGGS ON THE SIDEWALK, THERE IS ONLY ONE RECOURSE FOR THE CITY DWELLER. BUT, SUPPOSING HE DOESN'T LIKE EGGS FRIED ON THE SIDEWALK?! WHAT THEN?! THEN THE ONLY OTHER THING TO DO IS HARD-BOIL THEM, PACK THEM WITH SOME SANDWICHES, AND GO SPEND...

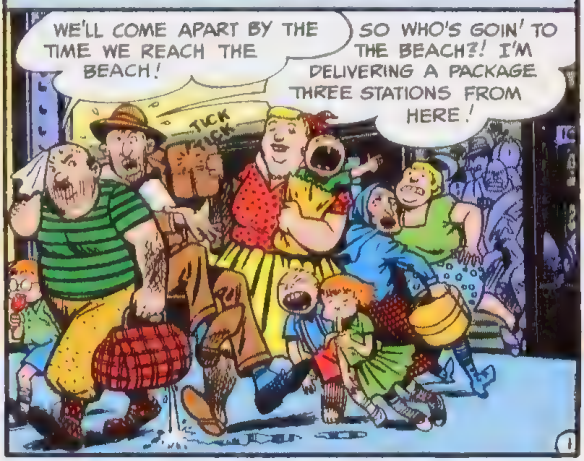
SUNDAY at the BEACH!


UNDRESSING NOT ALLOWED ON BEACH - YOU MUST WEAR BATHING SUITS.
KEEP THIS BEACH CLEAN 50$ FINE
NO LITTERING 50¢ FINE
MEDICINE BALL SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
B. Elder

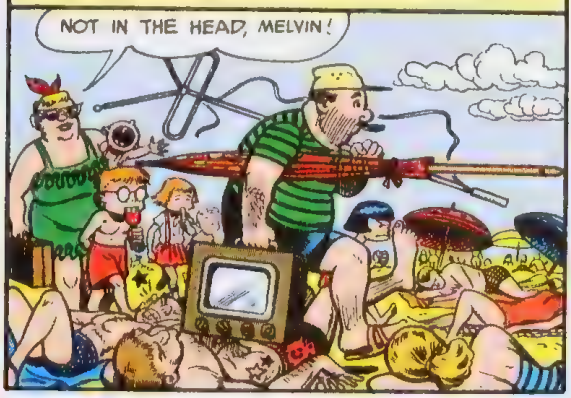
HERE WE FIND A TYPICAL CITY-DWELLING FAMILY, THE ABERCROMBIES ON THEIR WAY TO THE SEASHORE. NO CROWDED JAM-PACKED HIGHWAYS FOR WISE OLD PAPA ABERCROMBIE! NO SIREE! PAPA PREFERS THE CROWDED, JAM-PACKED SUBWAY...



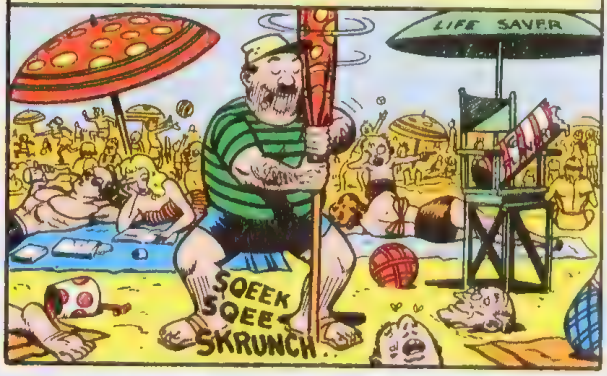
WHAT A RELIEF IT IS TO FINALLY GET OUT OF THAT HUMID, STICKY SUBWAY CAR. IT WAS SO STICKY IN THERE, THAT FOR THREE BLOCKS AFTER LEAVING THE TRAIN, THE PASSENGERS ARE STILL STUCK TOGETHER...


WE'LL COME APART BY THE TIME WE REACH THE BEACH!
SO WHO'S GOIN' TO THE BEACH?! I'M DELIVERING A PACKAGE THREE STATIONS FROM HERE!
TICK TICK

AH! AFTER BLOCKS OF TRUDGING OVER THE BEACH UNDER THE HOT SUN, PAPA ABERCROMBIE'S UNERRING SENSES TELL HIM THAT THEY'RE GETTING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE WATER'S EDGE. THE PEOPLE THEY'RE WALKING ON ARE GETTING DAMPER...

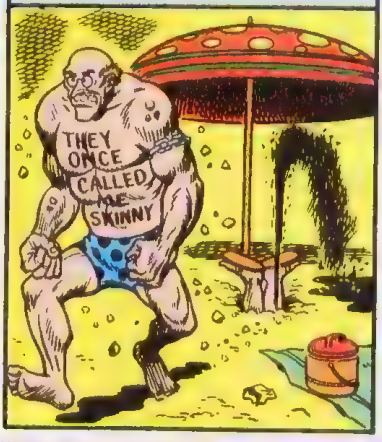


SAY! WHAT LUCK TO FIND A VACANT SPOT LIKE THIS! ONLY A QUARTER OF A MILE FROM THE WATER AND PRACTICALLY ENOUGH ROOM TO SPREAD A WHOLE BLANKET... ALMOST. PAPA IMMEDIATELY GOES ABOUT THE CEREMONY OF LAYING LEGAL CLAIM TO THE TERRITORY BY PLANTING HIS BEACH UMBRELLA IN THE DEAD CENTER...

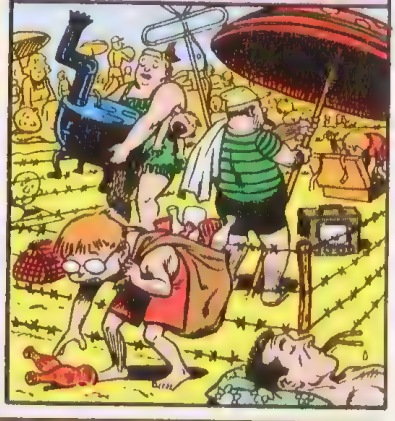


...OF WHAT TURNS OUT TO BE A BATHER WHO'D BURIED HIMSELF UP TO HIS NECK IN THE COOL SAND...

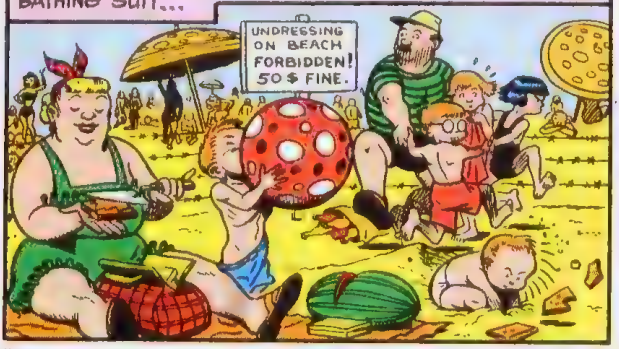
PAPA TRIES TO MAKE AMENDS BY OFFERING TO RE-BURY THE INJURED MAN. BUT WITH TYPICAL CONEY ISLAND GALLANTRY, THE STRANGER REFUSES THE OFFER AND INSISTS UPON BURYING PAPA INSTEAD...



FINALLY, AFTER A LONG SESSION OF TRAIPSING AMONG THE SUN-WORSHIPPERS, THE FAMILY SETTLES ON A LIKELY SPOT IN WHICH TO SET UP CAMP. IN A DEMOCRATIC FASHION, EACH MEMBER PITCHES IN TO HIS ASSIGNED TASK...

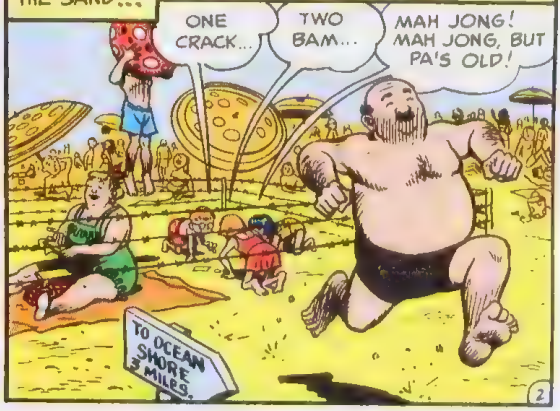


MAMA SETS ABOUT PREPARING THE MOUTH-WATERING* SANDWICHES, WHILE LITTLE DORA DIGS A HOLE IN WHICH TO BURY THEM. BROTHER HENRY STARTS BLOWING UP THE BEACH-BALL, WHILE THE REST OF THE CLAN ALL JOIN A RING-AROUND-THE-ROSIE ... SO ROSIE CAN CHANGE INTO HER BATHING SUIT...

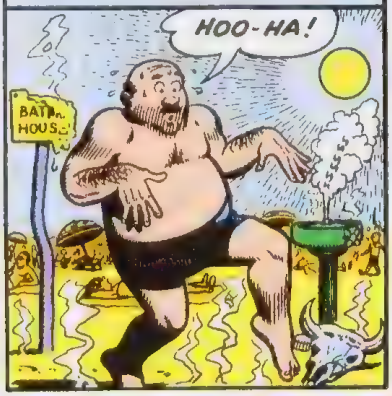


*GRATED LEMON PEELS AND ORANGE MARMALADE ON PEANUT BUTTER...

AS SOON AS THE EQUIPMENT IS FINALLY SET UP, PAPA ANNOUNCES THAT HE'S OFF TO TAKE A QUICK DIP BEFORE LUNCH. THE REST OF THE FAMILY PREFER TO REMAIN AT THE CAMP-SITE, PLAYING IN THE SAND...



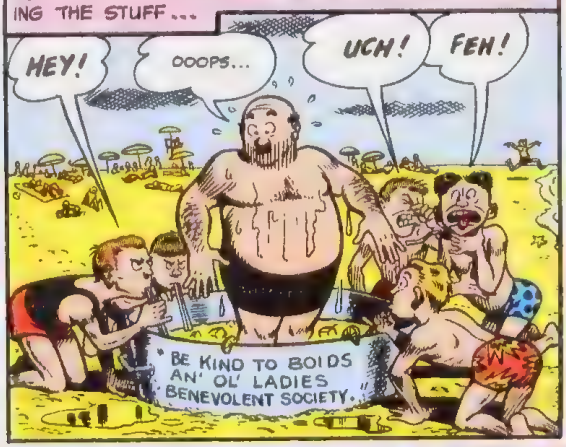
MEANWHILE, PAPA PICKS HIS WAY GINGERLY THROUGH THE CROWD TOWARD THE SOUND OF THE COOLING BREAKERS. THE SUN BURNS DOWN RELENTLESSLY ON THE WHITE SAND, CAUSING PAPA TO WISH HE'D WORN SANDALS...



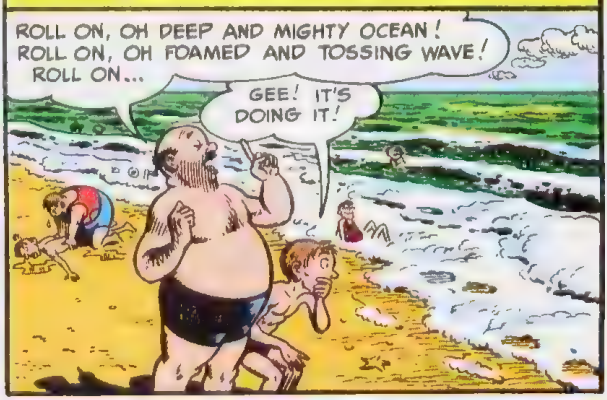
THE SAND SEEMS TO GET HOTTER AND HOTTER AND POOR PAPA FEELS AS THOUGH HE WERE WALKING ON LIVE COALS. THE PAIN IS ALMOST UNBEARABLE. IF HE CAN ONLY REACH THE WATER'S EDGE BEFORE THE SOLES OF HIS FEET BURST INTO FLAME ...

FINALLY HE'S THERE! HE CAN HEAR THE LAPPING AND GURGLING OF THE WAVES ON THE SHORE. HE'S MADE IT! WITH A JOYFUL LITTLE LEAP, PAPA PLUNGES HIS BLISTERING FEET INTO...

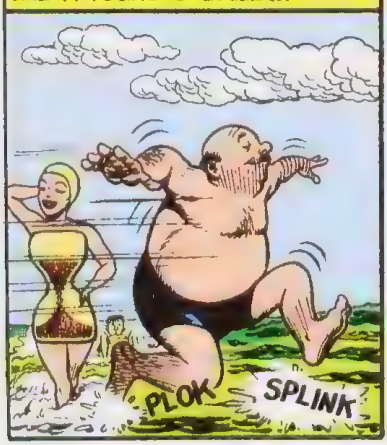
...A TUBFULL OF LEMONADE BEING ENJOYED BY A PARTY OF TEEN-AGERS. THE LAPPING AND GURGLING NOISES PAPA'D HEARD HAD BEEN THE KIDS SLURPING THE STUFF...



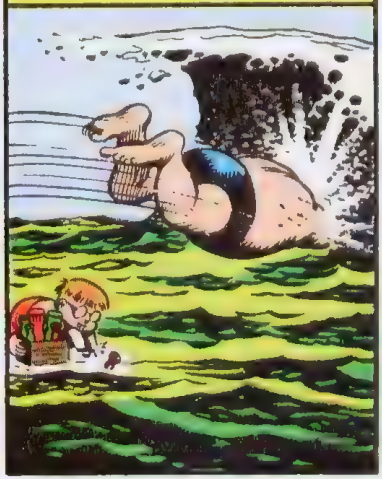
HIS FACE RED WITH SHAME...AND HIS FEET YELLOW WITH ARTIFICIAL COLORING, PAPA TAKES LEAVE OF THE WRITHING ADOLESCENTS AND FINALLY REACHES THE WATER. THE MAJESTIC SIGHT OF THE UNENDING EXPANSE OF BLUE SEA INSPIRES PAPA TO POETRY...



LURED BY THE BRISK INVIGORATING SMELL OF THE SEA, PAPA GALLOPS THROUGH THE ANKLE DEEP SURF LIKE A YOUNG GAZELLE...

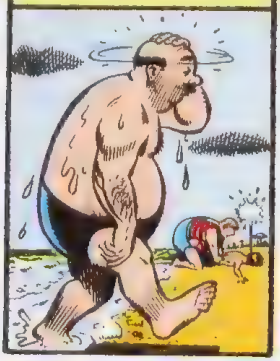


...KNIFES INTO A HUGE BREAKER LIKE A PLAYFUL PORPOISE...

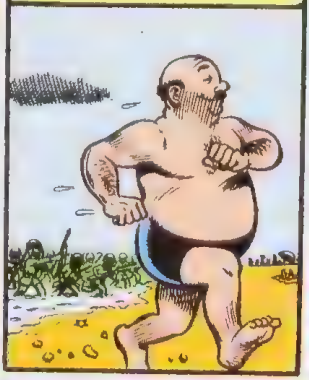


...AND LIES QUIVERING ON THE SAND LIKE A STUNNED MACKEREL! THE BREAKER HE'D KNIFED INTO WAS OF THE GEOLOGICAL VARIETY...

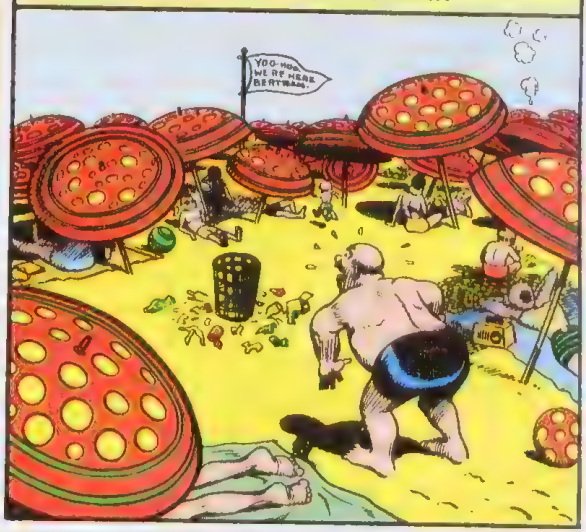
IT'S TIME NOW TO BE GETTING BACK TO THE FAMILY. THEY MIGHT BE WORRIED ABOUT PAPA'S LONG ABSENCE. NOW FOR THAT OLD PROBLEM OF TRYING TO DISTINGUISH ONE'S FROM THE OTHER 360,000 CLANS JAMMING THE BEACH...



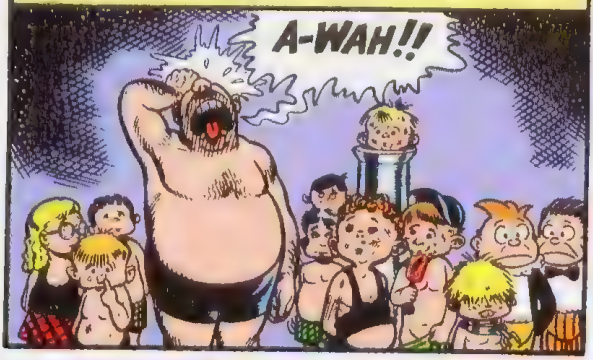
BUT *IS* IT A PROBLEM?! NOT FOR PAPA! HE *KNEW* THIS WOULD HAPPEN! THAT'S WHY HE'D TAKEN THE PRECAUTION OF PAINTING THE FARSHIMILT'S UMBRELLA BRIGHT RED WITH GREEN STRIPES AND YELLOW POLKA DOTS...



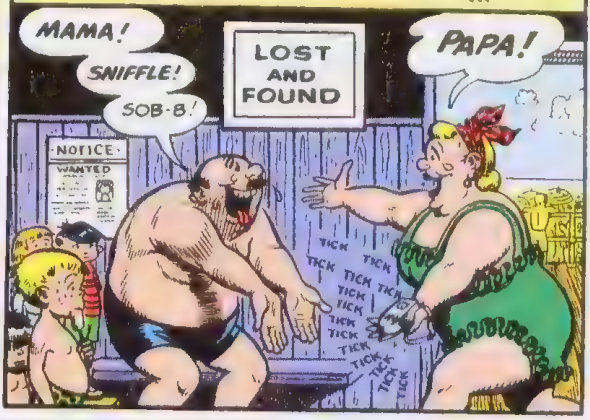
ONLY TROUBLE IS, PAPA WASN'T THE *ONLY* UMBRELLA OWNER WITH SUCH A BRILLIANT IDEA...



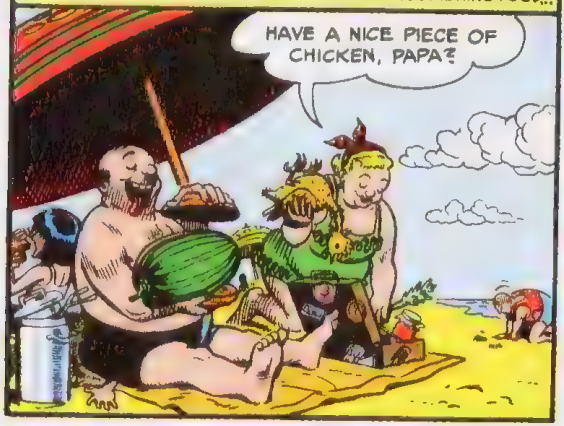
REALIZING THAT HE IS COMPLETELY LOST, PAPA KNOWS THAT THE ONLY WAY OUT OF SUCH A PREDICAMENT IS TO KEEP A COOL HEAD. HE KNOWS THAT GIVING WAY TO HYSTERIA CAN ONLY COMPLICATE MATTERS. HE KNOWS THAT ONLY WITH CLEAR, LOGICAL THINKING CAN HE LOCATE HIS LOVED ONES. HE KNOWS ALL THIS! BUT HE CRIES ANYWAY...



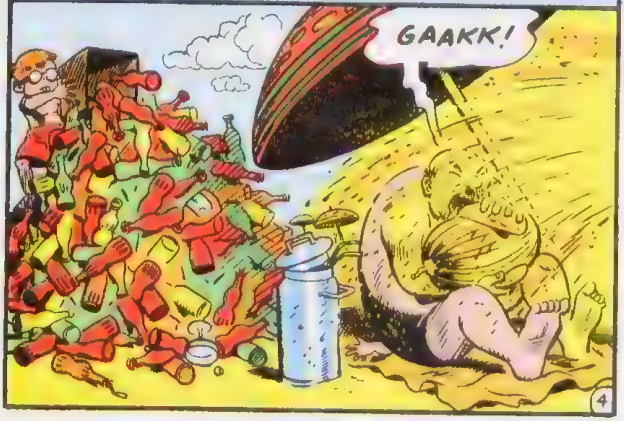
BUT LUCK IS WITH PAPA TODAY. AND THROUGH THAT STRANGE COMBINATION OF TELEPATHY, HOMING INSTINCT, AND MOMISM PRESENT IN ALL WOMEN, PAPA'S CRIES OF ANGUISH ARE HEARD AND ANSWERED...



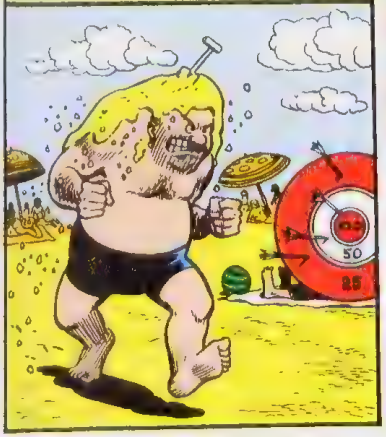
RE-UNITED WITH HIS FAMILY ONCE AGAIN, PAPA IS CONSCIOUS OF A HUNGER GNAWING AT HIS INSIDES! TIME TO EAT! SO HE PREPARES TO REPLENISH HIS LOST ENERGY WITH SOME OF MAMA'S NOURISHING FOOD...



BUT, JUST AS PAPA PREPARES TO SINK HIS TEETH INTO THE FIRST TASTY MORSEL, A CASCADE OF SAND SHOWERS ALL OVER HIM... FILLING HIS EYES, EARS, NOSE, THROAT... AND WORST OF ALL, HIS SANDWICH...



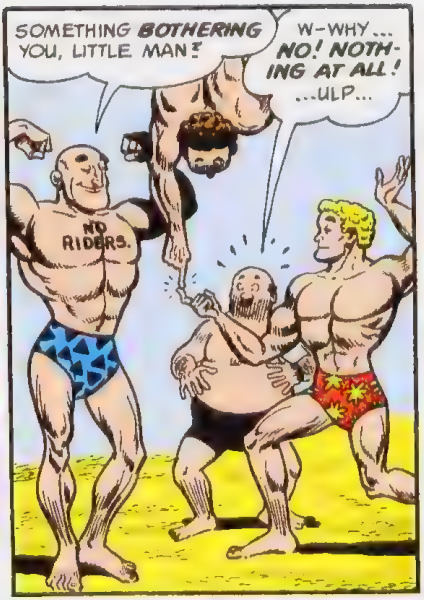
WITH A MALEVOLENT GLINT IN HIS EYE AND A FEARSOME GRIT TO HIS TEETH,* PAPA ADVANCES THREATENINGLY ON THE CAUSE OF HIS DISCOMFORT...



*IF YOU HAD A MOUTHFUL OF SAND, THERE'D BE A GRIT TO YOUR TEETH, TOO!

SOMETHING **BOTHERING** YOU, LITTLE MAN?

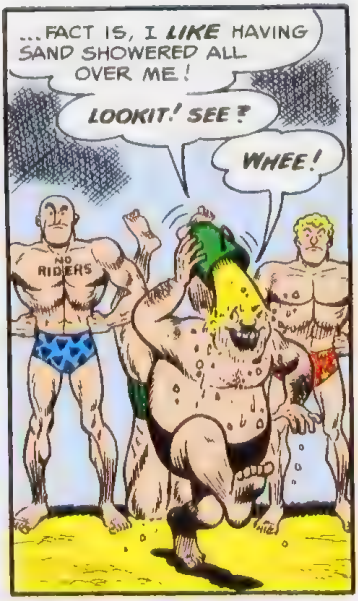
W-WHY... **NO! NOTHING AT ALL!** ...ULP...



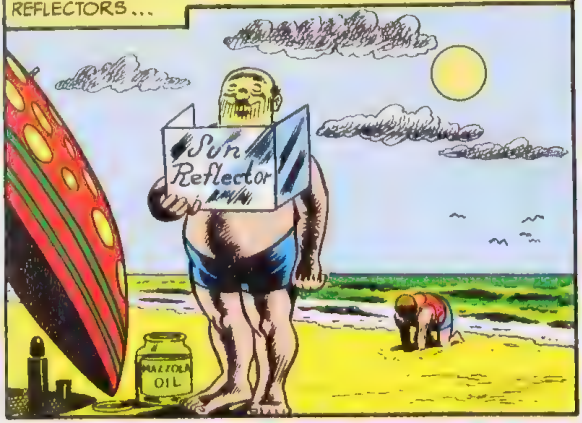
...FACT IS, I **LIKE** HAVING SAND SHOWERED ALL OVER ME!

LOOKIT! SEE?

WHEE!

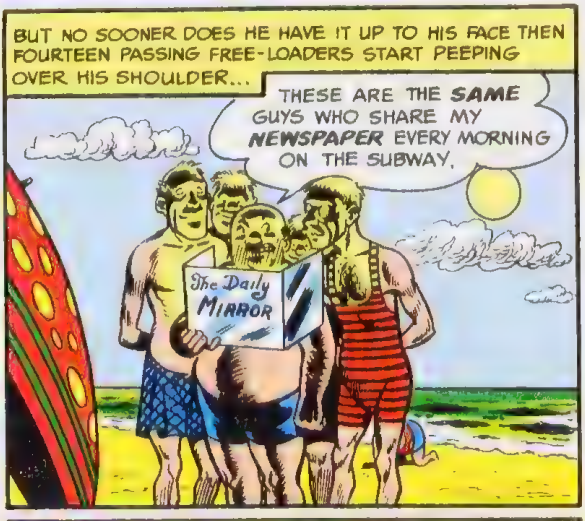


NOW PAPA DECIDES IT'S TIME HE STARTED WORKING ON THAT BERMUDA TAN. HE ATTEMPTS TO AID THE NATURAL RAYS OF THE SUN WITH ONE OF THOSE NEW ALUMINUM REFLECTORS...

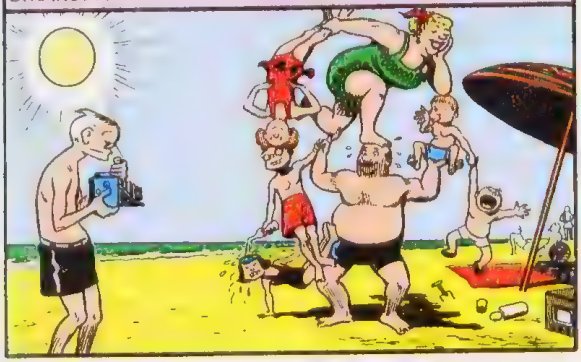


BUT NO SOONER DOES HE HAVE IT UP TO HIS FACE THEN FOURTEEN PASSING FREE-LOADERS START PEEPING OVER HIS SHOULDER...

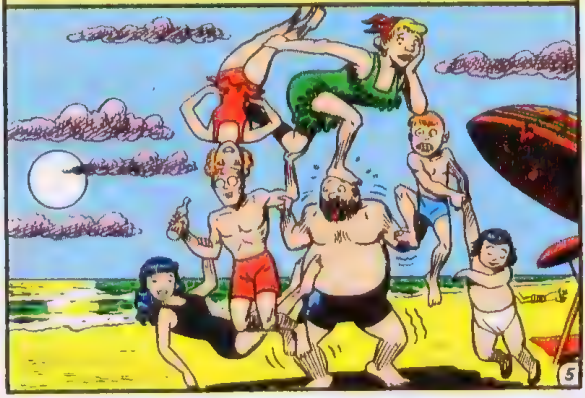
THESE ARE THE **SAME** GUYS WHO SHARE MY **NEWSPAPER** EVERY MORNING ON THE SUBWAY.



AT THIS POINT MAMA DECIDES THAT IT'S TIME TO TAKE PICTURES. SO, THE ABERCROMBIE FAMILY GATHERS FOR AN INFORMAL, UNPOSED FAMILY PORTRAIT. AFTER ADJUSTING THE SIMPLE-TO-OPERATE CAMERA FOR DISTANCE, LIGHTING, ALTITUDE, WIND-VELOCITY AND BAROMETRIC PRESSURE, PAPA IMPOSES ON A STRANGER TO CLICK THE SHUTTER...



THEY ARE INSTRUCTED TO "FACE THE SUN AND HOLD IT!" PAPA DUTIFULLY MAINTAINS THE DIFFICULT POSE WAITING FOR THE "OKAY, I GOT IT!" CRY FROM THE KINDLY STRANGER. ARMS AND LEGS AQUIVER, PAPA STARES INTO THE SUN FOR WHAT SEEMS LIKE HOURS...



IN FACT, IT IS HOURS BEFORE PAPA REALIZES THAT THE STRANGER HAS WALKED OFF WITH THE CAMERA! AND IT'S ANOTHER HOUR BEFORE THE POWER OF VISION RETURNS TO THE ABERCROMBIES AFTER STARING INTO THE SUN FOR SO LONG...
HENRY! IS THAT YOU?
KEEP TALKING MAMA! I'LL FIND YOU!
BY NOW, IT'S TIME TO CALL IT QUITS FOR THE DAY! THE FAMILY PREPARES FOR THE TRIP BACK TO THE CITY. FORTUNATELY, SIDNEY HAS BROUGHT ALONG HIS AQUA-LUNG EQUIPMENT, FOR THE HIGH TIDE HAS LEFT THE FAMILY POSSESSIONS UNDER FOUR FEET OF WATER...
OKAY! NOW START BRINGING UP THE SHOES ONE AT A TIME.
AND SO, AS THE SUN SINKS SLOWLY IN HIS MAE WEST, THE REMAINING ABERCROMBIES START ON THEIR LONG HOMEWARD TREK... THEIR HEARTS FULL OF PLEASANT MEMORIES... THEIR EARS FULL OF WATER... AND THEIR SHOES FULL OF SAND...
BLUBB!
...ARRIVING MOMENTS TOO LATE TO CATCH THE LAST TRAIN BACK TO THE CITY...
IN THIS HEAT... WE GOTTA WALK!?
LOCAL
VOTE STEVENSON
STEVENSON
SUDDENLY, AS IF IN ANSWER TO PAPA'S COMPLAINT, THE BOUNTIFUL HEAVENS OPEN UP AND BLESS THE SMALL BAND OF WEARY TRAVELERS WITH GENTLE DROPS OF MOISTURE... IN OTHER WORDS, IT STARTS RAINING LIKE CRAZY...
YOU HADDA OPEN YOUR BIG MOUTH!
AS THE MOON CLIMBS STEADILY TOWARD ITS ZENITH IN THE THUNDERCLOUDED NIGHT SKY, WE LEAVE THE ABERCROMBIE FAMILY WENDING THEIR WAY OFF OVER THE LIQUID HORIZON... SKINS AGLOW FROM THE COMBINATION OF SUMMER SUN AND SALT WATER... LEGS CHAFED FROM DAMP, SANDY BATHING SUITS... AND FEET TIRED AND BLISTERED FROM SO MANY HOURS OF SWIMMING AND RUNNING IN THE HOT SAND...
BROOKLYN HAVE YOUR PASSPORTS READY.
BUT ARE THEY DISGRUNTLED? ARE THEY OUT OF SORTS? ARE THEY COMPLAINING? YOU'RE DARN RIGHT THEY ARE! WHO WOULDN'T BE?
IT WAS YOUR IDEA TO GO TO THE FURSHLUGGINER BEACH!
MINE!? YOU OUT OF YOUR HEAD?!
A-WAH!
HI-GRADE MILK
HI GRADE MILK
THE END

MARVELS IN THE MOVIES DEPT. (A NEW LOW IN FILM ENTERTAINMENT DIVISION): LITTLE DID JULES VERNE REALIZE, WHEN HE WROTE THIS SCIENCE-FICTION THRILLER, THAT HE WAS MAKING AN ACCURATE PREDICTION OF THINGS TO COME! AND LITTLE DID THE PRODUCERS REALIZE, WHEN THEY TURNED THIS CLASSIC TALE INTO A MOVIE, THAT *PANIC MAGAZINE* WOULD DO A SATIRE ON IT, ENTITLED...

"20,000 Leaks UNDER THE SEA"

FILMED IN GLORIOUS

SUBMASCOPE*

*THIS MAY NOT BE THE WIDEST MOVIE EVER MADE... BUT IT CERTAINLY IS THE DEEPEST!

HOW'S YOUR ED, MOM?

IVORY

WOOD

AS THE STORY OPENS, WE FIND THE CREW OF THE NAVY FRIGATE "ROBERT E. LEAKY" SCOURING THE VAST BLUE PACIFIC, SEARCHING FOR A LEGENDARY SEA MONSTER WHICH HAS BEEN PLAGUING THE SHIPPING LANES IN THAT SECTION OF THE WORLD, DESTROYING SHIPS, CARGO, AND MEN WITH NIGHTMARE RAPIDITY...

THE DOUGHTY CAPTAIN OF THE FRIGATE SPEAKS TO THE CRACKERJACK FRENCH BIOLOGIST WHOSE HELP HAS BEEN ENLISTED IN TRACKING DOWN THE FEARSOME APPARITION...

PROFESSOR CRACKERJAX! WE'VE SCOURED THE SEA FOR *THREE MONTHS* WITHOUT TURNING UP A *TRACE* OF THIS FICTITIOUS SEA MONSTER! IT'S TIME WE HEADED BACK *HOME!*

I REALIZE HOW *FANTASTIC* THIS WHOLE THING MUST SEEM TO YOU, CAPTAIN DOUGHTY... BUT AS A SCIENTIST, I CAN *ASSURE* YOU THAT SUCH A CREATURE MIGHT VERY POSSIBLY EXIST!

BESIDES, WE'VE RUN OUT OF *SCOURING POWDER!*

OLD DUTCH

CAP'N! CAP'N! COME QUICKLY! A *HORRIBLE CREATURE* WITH A *HUGE GREEN HEAD* AND *TREMENDOUS EYES* HAS JUST BEEN SIGHTED OFF THE LARBORD SIDE!

WHICH SIDE IS *THAT?*

THAT ONE, SIR!

THANKS! *'BYE...*

NOTE: NEW UNIFORM PROPOSED FOR COWARDLY FRIGATE CAPTAINS. PAT. PEND. E.C. — EDS.

WAIT! THIS HORRIBLE CREATURE YOU SAW IN THE WATER! YOU SAY IT WAS GREEN AROUND THE GILLS AND HAD LARGE PROTRUDING EYES?
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR!
GOOD LORD! JUST AS I'D FEARED!
YOU MEAN...?
PRECISELY! MY ASSISTANT... PETER LORRY... HAS FALLEN OVERBOARD!
BLURRRBLE!
SORRY TO HAVE CAUSED SUCH A COMMOTION BY LEANING OVER THE RAIL TOO FAR, BUT I WAS SUFFERING FROM A BAD CASE OF MAL-DE-MER!
MAL-DE-MER?
THAT'S FRENCH FOR "YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU!"
HEY, MATES! DID YOU HEAR WHO'S ON BOARD!
YEAH!
WELL, WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR?!
HUBBA-HUBBA!
LET'S GO!
YAHOO!
VA-VA-VA-VOOM!
HEY! I SEEN 'ER FIRST!
HOW'S ABOUT A KISS, HONEY?
AVAST, YE SWABS! GET YOUR COTTON PICKIN' HANDS OFF THAT MAN!
THAT'S THE PROFESSOR'S ASSISTANT, PETER LORRY!
PETER LORRY!?
WE THOUGHT HE SAID PIPER LAURIE!
YOU KNEW THERE WOULDN'T BE ANY WOMEN IN THIS PICTURE WHEN YOU SIGNED ON AS EXTRAS! NOW GET BACK TO YOUR STATIONS! ON THE DOUBLE!
UGH!
FEH!
GAGG!
ECHH!
SUDDENLY THE PEACEABLE ORDERLY ROUTINE OF THE SHIP IS SHATTERED BY THE BLOOD-CURDLING SHOUT OF...
SEA MONSTER... THREE POINTS OFF THE PORT BOW!
WHICH SIDE IS THAT?
2

IN A MATTER OF SECONDS, THE AIR IS FILLED WITH RAPID COMMANDS AS THE CREW OF THE FRIGATE PREPARES TO DO BATTLE WITH ITS UNSEEN FOE...

MAN YOUR GUN STATIONS!
CLEAR THE DECK FOR ACTION!
WOMEN AND CHILDREN FIRST!
HOIST THE CAPSTAN!
STAND BY TO LOWER AWAY!
DID YOU HOIST THE CAPSTAN?
LOWER AWAY!
CAPSTAN? I THOUGHT YOU SAID CAPTAIN!
LET'S HAVE A LITTLE QUIET AROUND HERE!
NO SMOKING IN THE ORCHESTRA!
FACE THE FRONT OF THE CAR, PLEASE!
SPLICE THE MIZZEN MAST!
GOOD LORD!
TAXI!
I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS MIZZEN!
HEY, YOU KIDS! GET OFFA THAT TOP-GALLANT!
UNITED STATES STEEL! DOWN A THIRD!
DODGERS...FOUR! CHICAGO...NOTHING!
A WASTE OF SPACE!

THEN, THE CREW STANDS TRANSFIXED WITH HORROR AS A HUGE FISH-LIKE CREATURE THE LENGTH OF A FOOTBALL FIELD BREAKS THE SURFACE...ROARING DOWN ON THE SLOW-MOVING FRIGATE WITH INCREDIBLE SPEED...

IT'S COMING AT US!
HOIST THE LANYARD!
RUN UP THE HALYARD!
SWEEP UP THE BACKYARD!
2...4...6... 8... HIKE!

WITH A SICKENING CRASH, THE AWESOME MONSTER RENDS A HOLE IN THE SIDE OF THE NAVY VESSEL LARGE ENOUGH TO DRIVE A LOCOMOTIVE THROUGH. THE FORCE OF THE BLOW SENDS THE PROFESSOR, HIS ASSISTANT, AND A SAILOR NAMED DIRK CUTLASS, FLYING THROUGH THE AIR AND INTO AN OPENING IN THE MONSTER'S BACK...ACTUALLY A HATCH...ABAFT MIDSHIPS...OR ON ABOUT THE THIRTY YARD LINE...

CRUNCH!
THIS RENT FOR RENT

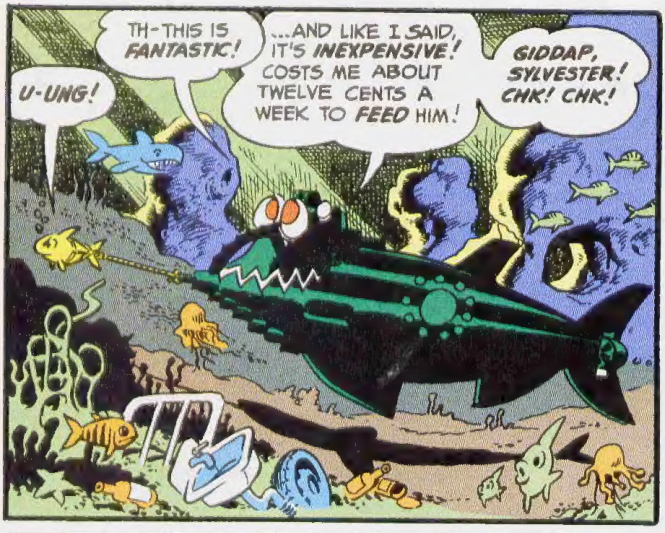
P-PROFESSOR! W-WHERE *ARE* WE?
I DON'T *KNOW!* WE APPEAR TO BE IN SOME SORT OF *PLUNGING BOAT!*
HEY! THIS RIG HAS *EVERYTHING!*
DIG THIS CRAZY *WASHING MACHINE!*
THIS IS *INCREDIBLE!*

THAT'S NOT A *WASHING MACHINE!* IT'S AN *OBSERVATION BUBBLE* WHICH GIVES US A WIDE VIEW OF THE OCEAN FLOOR!
LOOK! THERE GOES SOME SORT OF *UNDERSEA FUNERAL PROCESSION!*

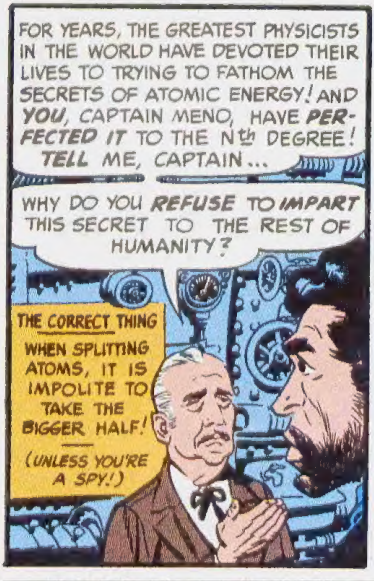
THIS MAN'S TRAGIC DEMISE CALLS FOR A *REVISION* OF OUR PRESENT RULES OF UNDERWATER ETIQUETTE!
HEREAFTER, IT WILL NO LONGER BE *NECESSARY* WHEN DEEP-SEA DIVING TO *TIP ONE'S HAT TO A MERMAID!*
R.I.P.

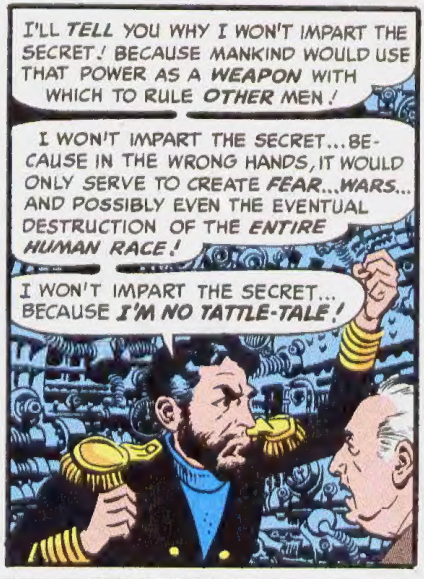
I AM *CAPTAIN MENO!* WHO ARE *YOU* PEOPLE?
I AM PROFESSOR CRACKERJAX OF THE PARIS OBSERVATORY, AND THIS IS MY ASSISTANT, PETER!
AND MY NAME'S DIRK CUTLASS!

NOT THE SAME PROFESSOR CRACKERJAX WHO WROTE "FIFTEEN YEARS UNDER THE MEDITERRANEAN SEA... OR... THE CONFESSIONS OF A DAMP FOOL?
THE VERY SAME!
YOU MUST HONOR ME BY STAYING FOR DINNER!
EVERY MORSEL OF FOOD ABOARD THE "NAUTILUS" COMES FROM THE SEA ITSELF!
FOR INSTANCE, TONIGHT'S MENU CONSISTS OF FILLET OF SEA-SNAKE, BRISKET OF BLOW-FISH AND SAUTE OF UNBORN OCTOPUS!
MY CHEF HAS EVEN DEVELOPED A PROCESS OF EXTRACTING MILK FROM SAND CRABS!
AMAZING! WHERE DID HE EVER FIND A STOOL LOW ENOUGH!
HOW ARE YOU GENTLEMEN ENJOYING THE FARE?
FAIR!
FEH!
TAKE THESE CIGARS WE'RE SMOKING! TASTE LIKE THE FINEST HAVANAS, DON'T THEY? YOU'LL BE INTERESTED TO LEARN THAT THEY WERE PICKED RIGHT OFF THE OCEAN FLOOR!
YOU... YOU MEAN THEY'RE MADE OF SEAWEED!
NO! WE SANK A TOBACCO BOAT THE OTHER DAY!
BUT, COME PROFESSOR! I WANT TO SHOW YOU SOME OF THE LUXURIES WE HAVE ABOARD OUR LITTLE CRAFT. THIS IS THE GAME ROOM! HERE, IN THEIR OFF-DUTY HOURS, THE CREW MAY INDULGE IN SUCH DIVERSIONS AS ROULETTE, PINOCHILE, BACARRAT, GALLOPING DOMINOS!
OH, I SEE! SORT OF A FLOATING CRAP GAME!
AND HERE WE HAVE THE FIRST MATE'S DARK ROOM!
OH? HE'S AN AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHER?
NO! IT'S JUST THAT WE'RE ASHAMED OF HIM!
KEEP OUT
CUT!
AS YOU CAN SEE, PROFESSOR, WE ARE INDEPENDENT OF THE OUTSIDE WORLD! INDEED, SO INDEPENDENT THAT WE FIND IT NECESSARY TO SURFACE ONLY ONCE EVERY FOUR YEARS SO THE CREW MAY RE-ENLIST!
F.S.D.
BUT OF ALL YOUR REMARKABLE INVENTIONS, THERE STILL REMAINS ONE SECRET THAT YOU'VE KEPT HIDDEN FROM ME. AND THAT IS THE ENERGY NECESSARY TO PROPEL A CRAFT OF THIS SIZE! YOU HAVE OBVIOUSLY MANAGED TO HARNESS A SOURCE OF INEXHAUSTIBLE, YET INEXPENSIVE MEANS OF LOCOMOTION!
YOU'RE RIGHT, PROFESSOR! I HAVE HARNESSED A SECRET SOURCE OF ENERGY! SOMETHING THAT YOU IN THE LAND NEVER DREAMED POSSIBLE!
LOOK CLOSELY AS I RAISE THIS THREE INCH LEAD SCREEN AND YOU WILL SEE THIS HARNESSED SOURCE OF ENERGY!
GOOD LORD...
TOP SECRET RESTRICTED NO PEEKING
4

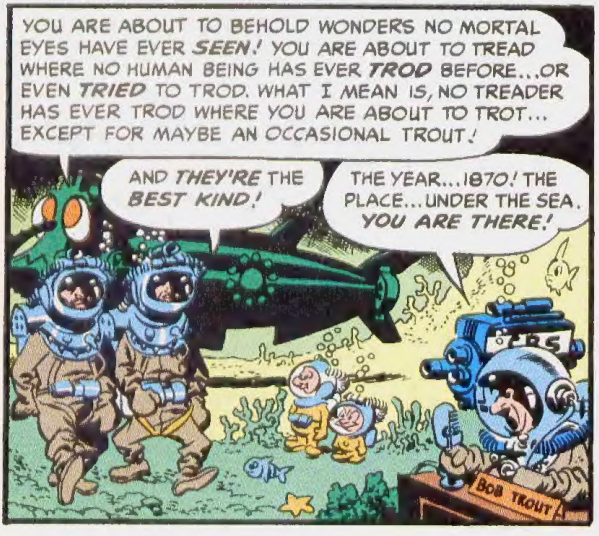

TH-THIS IS FANTASTIC!
...AND LIKE I SAID, IT'S INEXPENSIVE! COSTS ME ABOUT TWELVE CENTS A WEEK TO FEED HIM!
GIDDAP, SYLVESTER! CHK! CHK!
U-UNG!

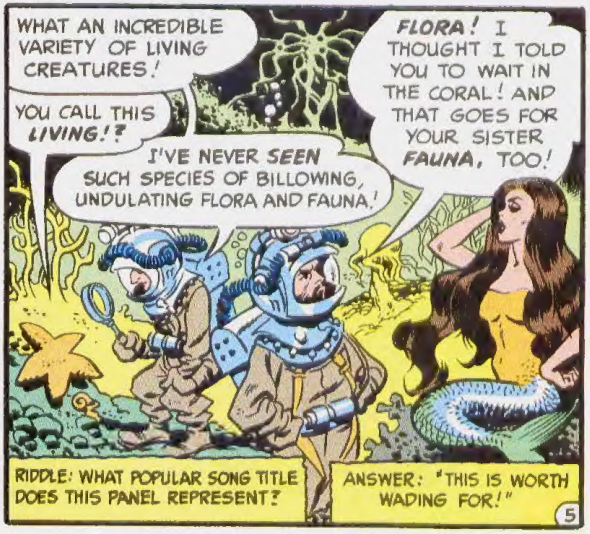
NOW THIS IS THE CONTROL ROOM! THE RUDDER IS OPERATED BY A PSYCHOSOMATIC DEVICE!
PSYCHOSOMATIC?
YES! IT'S CONTROLLED BY A NUT THAT HOLDS THE STEERING WHEEL!
I KID THEE NOT!


FOR YEARS, THE GREATEST PHYSICISTS IN THE WORLD HAVE DEVOTED THEIR LIVES TO TRYING TO FATHOM THE SECRETS OF ATOMIC ENERGY! AND YOU, CAPTAIN MENO, HAVE PERFECTED IT TO THE Nth DEGREE! TELL ME, CAPTAIN...
WHY DO YOU REFUSE TO IMPART THIS SECRET TO THE REST OF HUMANITY?
THE CORRECT THING WHEN SPLITTING ATOMS, IT IS IMPOLITE TO TAKE THE BIGGER HALF!
(UNLESS YOU'RE A SPY!)


I'LL TELL YOU WHY I WON'T IMPART THE SECRET! BECAUSE MANKIND WOULD USE THAT POWER AS A WEAPON WITH WHICH TO RULE OTHER MEN!
I WON'T IMPART THE SECRET... BECAUSE I'M NO TATTLE-TALE!

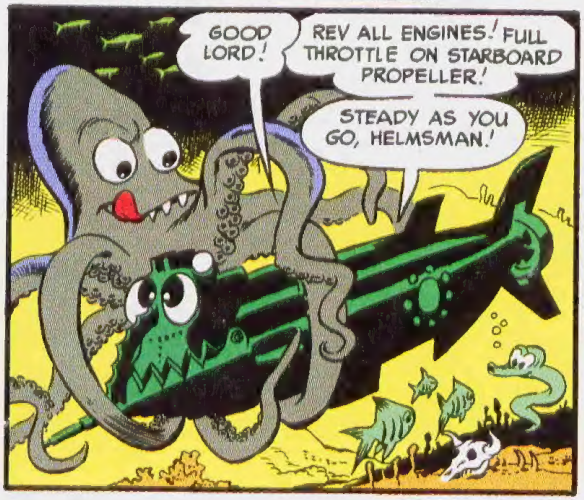
IN CONTRAST, LET ME SHOW YOU THE PEACEFUL, SILENT KINGDOM OF WHICH I AM A SOLE RULER!
HERE! PICK OUT ONE OF THESE DIVING SUITS FOR YOURSELF!
WHICH ARE THE FORTY LONGS?


YOU ARE ABOUT TO BEHOLD WONDERS NO MORTAL EYES HAVE EVER SEEN! YOU ARE ABOUT TO TREAD WHERE NO HUMAN BEING HAS EVER TROD BEFORE...OR EVEN TRIED TO TROD. WHAT I MEAN IS, NO TREADER HAS EVER TROD WHERE YOU ARE ABOUT TO TROT... EXCEPT FOR MAYBE AN OCCASIONAL TROUT!
AND THEY'RE THE BEST KIND!
THE YEAR...1870! THE PLACE...UNDER THE SEA. YOU ARE THERE!
BOB TROUT


WHAT AN INCREDIBLE VARIETY OF LIVING CREATURES!
YOU CALL THIS LIVING!?
I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH SPECIES OF BILLOWING, UNDULATING FLORA AND FAUNA!
FLORA! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO WAIT IN THE CORAL! AND THAT GOES FOR YOUR SISTER FAUNA, TOO!
RIDDLE: WHAT POPULAR SONG TITLE DOES THIS PANEL REPRESENT?
ANSWER: "THIS IS WORTH WADING FOR!"

MEANWHILE, ON ANOTHER PART OF THE OCEAN FLOOR, DIRK CUTLASS AND PETER LORRY ARE DOING SOME EXPLORATIONS OF THEIR OWN...
ACCORDING TO THIS CHART I SNEAKED OUT OF THE PILOT HOUSE, THERE SHOULD BE A LOT OF SUNKEN TREASURE AROUND HERE!
ESSO
...AN' DIZ MUZ BE DE PLAZE!
NEPTUNE GARAGE
CAPACITY 12 GALLONS
DAVY'S LOCKER 10¢
COIN
LOOK! PIECES OF EIGHT! THOUSANDS OF THEM!
I'VE NEVER SEEN SO MANY PIECES OF EIGHT IN MY ENTIRE LIFE!
REAL... HONEST-TO-GOODNESS PIECES OF EIGHT!
SAVE OR TEED
NOW IF WE CAN FIGURE OUT SOME WAY TO GLUE THEM BACK TOGETHER AGAIN, WE'LL HAVE CORNERED THE EIGHT MARKET!
CRAZY!
SHARK! SHARK! RUN FOR IT, PETE!
YOU CRAZY!? WHY SHOULD I RUN FOR IT! I'M GONNA RUN FROM IT!
QUICK! THROW HIM SOMETHING TO EAT! IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!
THERE! THAT SHOULD KEEP HIM FOR A WHILE!
THAT WAS REAL CLEVER OF YOU, PETE... SUGGESTING I THROW HIM SOMETHING TO EAT...
GLUP!
CLEVER... BUT FOOLHARDY!
HALP! LEMME OUTA HERE!
BURP
CAP'N MENO! CAP'N MENO! THERE'S A GIANT SQUID APPROACHING OFF THE STARBOARD BEAM...
WHICH BEAM IS THAT?
BOS'N! SOUND GENERAL QUARTERS!
AYE, AYE...
AY-AY-AY!
6

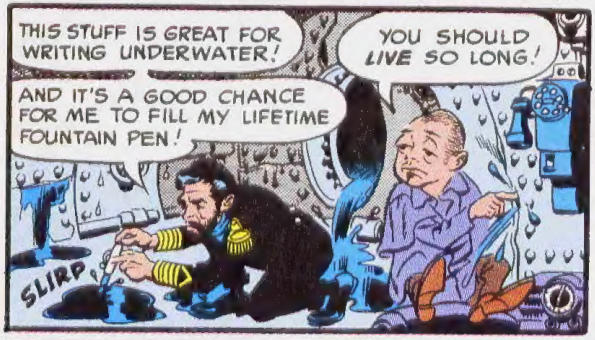
WITH LIGHTENING SPEED, THE HUGE DENIZEN WRAPS A MAMMOTH TENTACLE ABOUT WHAT HE IMAGINES TO BE THE WAIST OF THIS CURIOUS, METALLIC-LOOKING FISH. THEN ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER...



COOLY...DELIBERATELY... WITHOUT THE FAINTEST SUSPICION OF EMOTION IN HIS VOICE, CAPTAIN MENO GIVES HIS ORDERS TO THE HELMSMAN...

AH! THAT'S THE WAY I LIKE IT! WITH JUST HALF A HEAD!
YES, SIR! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A NICE COLD GLASS OF ROOT BEER WHEN YOU'RE FIGHTING GIANT SQUIDS, I ALWAYS SAY!
WELL...CHUG-A-LUG!

THE MEMBERS OF THE CREW ARE TOSSED ABOUT WITHIN THE SUBMARINE LIKE THE DICE IN THEIR OWN GAMING ROOM AS THE ENRAGED MONSTER SEEKS TO TEAR THIS STRANGE DEFIANT FOE TO BITS. INKY BLACK WATER RUSHES IN FROM NUMEROUS CRACKS IN THE BULKHEADS AS THE GIANT SQUID MAKES USE OF ITS INCREDIBLE STRENGTH. (ER... THIS IS WHERE WE GET THE TITLE:.. "20,000 LEAKS UNDER THE SEA"! SEE?)


THIS STUFF IS GREAT FOR WRITING UNDERWATER!
YOU SHOULD *LIVE* SO LONG!
AND IT'S A GOOD CHANCE FOR ME TO FILL MY LIFETIME FOUNTAIN PEN!
SLIRP

CAPTAIN MENO, REALIZING THAT THE ONLY WAY TO DEFEAT THE RAGING BEAST IS TO FIGHT IT AT CLOSE QUARTERS, RALLIES HIS CREW AND INSTRUCTS THEM IN THE ART OF HAND-TO-HAND (OR IN THIS CASE, HAND-TO-TENTACLE) COMBAT...

MEN! BEFORE WE GO OUT THERE, I WANT YOU TO KNOW WHAT SORT OF A *CRUEL, VICIOUS ENEMY* WE'RE UP AGAINST!
THIS CREATURE IS EASILY MAN'S MOST *FORMIDABLE ENEMY!* IT'S *TENACIOUS, CRAFTY,* AND *CUNNING!*
ONCE THIS BEAST WRAPS ITS TENTACLES AROUND A MAN, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR HIM TO *EVER* BREAK FREE!
ALL RIGHT! LET'S GO!